

THORNLEY

OFFICE J.D. TIPPLIT

VOL. 7 OF
TEXAS REPORT

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

1

Date 12/3/63

DOUGLAS JONES, Jones Printing Company, 422 Girod, advised after viewing the photograph of LEE OSWALD, that although he could not positively be sure, he said he did not believe the person ordering the printing of the handbills relating to Cuba last May 29th was OSWALD. He said to the best of his recollection the man ordering the handbills was a risky type person, on the order of a laborer. He said he remembered the person ordering the handbills did not have a Cuban accent and did not look like a Cuban to him and he therefore wondered why this person would be involved with the Cubans. He again stated that he could not positively say the person ordering the handbills was not OSWALD but he did not think it was. JONES said he could not furnish any other identifying data concerning the person ordering the handbills.

63

CHECK OUT
C.O.'S "ESCORT"On 12/3/63 at New Orleans, Louisiana File # NO 89 69by SA DONALD C. STEINMEYER/bap Date dictated 12/3/63This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the
your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside your agency.

Commission Exhibit No. 2542

AFFIDAVIT

My name is Kerry Wendell Thornley. I presently reside in Atlanta, Georgia. My mailing address is Box 827, Atlanta 30301. I am employed as a part-time student assistant at Georgia State University.*

In the spring of 1959, while stationed in Marine Air Control Squadron 9 at an outpost of El Toro Marine Base, Santa Ana, California, I became acquainted with another young Marine in the same outfit named Lee Harvey Oswald.

My Warren Commission testimony relating to this period can be found in volume 11 of the 26 volumes which supplement the Warren Report.

In October of 1959, while serving in Marine Air Control Squadron 1, Atsugi Naval Air Station, Atsugi, Japan, I read in the newspaper that my former acquaintance, Lee Oswald, had walked into the American Embassy in Moscow, turned in his passport, and announced his intention of taking up residence in the Soviet Union.

I thereupon decided to write a novel about a young Marine who becomes disillusioned with the United States as a result of his overseas tour of duty in the Marine Corps and in the end defects to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The title I chose for this first novel attempt was The Idle Warriors.

During the brief period of time that I had known Oswald, he seemed genuinely disillusioned with the United States and claimed to believe that the Russians had a better system. He had just been overseas in Marine Air Control Squadron 1. Now that I was overseas, and serving in the same outfit in which he had served previous to meeting me, I was also becoming disillusioned with the United States and coming more and more to feel that I could understand his apparent defection to the Soviet Union.

As Oswald had been, I became an outspoken critic of U.S. foreign policy and of the Marine Corps in particular. As Oswald had done, I began to disobey orders and ridicule my military superiors. And as had Oswald, I began espousing Marxist doctrines. Moreover, I boasted that I was writing "a poor man's Ugly American" which would "blow the lid off" the situation resulting from peacetime stationing of troops in the Far East.

Looking back, I feel that both Oswald and I must have been put under surveillance by the Office of Naval Intelligence during our periods of active duty in the Marine Corps. The Cold War was raging

*Since beginning this statement I have vacated my student assistantship at GSU.

then. He was widely regarded a "Communist" a year or so before the U-2 incident; I began to acquire a similar reputation with the brass in MACS-1 from about the time of the U-2 incident (May of 1960, I believe) on until my discharge in October of 1960.

(It seems odd to me that the Office of Naval Intelligence could find no references to Oswald in its files in 1963, nor any to me in 1975 when I recently made a Freedom of Information inquiry. I think it possible that someone in the Naval Intelligence bureaucracy may have seen to it such files, if they ever existed, were misplaced or stolen or simply destroyed.)

I continued work on The Idle Warriors after I got out of the Marine Corps. I also continued a close relationship with one other Marine from MACS-9/MACS-1. This man struck up a friendship with me at the time I knew Oswald. He and I were then assigned overseas duty together in MACS-1, where our friendship continued. In Marine Air Control Squadron 1 at Atsugi this individual had the highest security job of any enlisted man in the outfit. If I had some kind of intelligence "babysitter" when I was in the service it was almost certainly this man. His name is Bud Simco and his immediate superior was Lt. Ballentine -- together they maintained the TOP SECRET Security and Classified files (S&C files) for the Squadron. I wish to stress that I do not at all believe Mr. Simco was involved in any illegal activities or any activities relating directly to the John Kennedy assassination. Approached by a legally constituted authority [redacted] I think Mr. Simco would say truthfully whether or not he was ever assigned to submit reports on me. We spent most of our free time together. The latest phone number I have for Bud is apparently misplaced, but I obtained it by calling his old place of work, Vorpal Galleries in San Francisco. (If there is difficulty locating him I can probably get his number or address from one of our mutual friends.)

The hypothesis that I was spied on by Naval Intelligence is not central to my major hypothesis to be introduced later, but I think it is something which can be investigated easily and, if established, would answer some questions which must otherwise remain up in the air.

From the time of my discharge at the end of October, 1960, until February of 1961 I lived on my discharge money in Southern California and attempted to promote the opening chapters of The Idle Warriors in dramatic monologue live presentation form. Bud got back from Japan a month after I did and went to work as an insurance investigator.

Another friend and I decided in early 1961 to go to New Orleans together and take up residence there. This was Greg Hill who presently resides at 55 E. Houston, Apt. 4-E, New York, NY and whose phone is 212-226-6515.

Greg and I arrived in New Orleans on the day after Mardi Gras of 1961. We had a difficult time finding work. Our living conditions were sparse and harsh. I continued work on The Idle Warriors, writing the chapters in short-story form and sending them off to publications like Playboy, in hopes of selling one of them for \$2,000, meanwhile living off French bread from the day-old bakery.

By this time my politics had gone through another change. I had become a Marxist upon seeing my first starving people when MACS-1 was

→ *Thornley speaks fluent Spanish*
→ *No need for him to starve.*
[Signature]

on maneuvers to the Philippines; as I was phasing out of the Corps I read Ayn Rand's Atlas Shrugged and decided the world's hungry people could do best under unlimited free enterprise instead of socialism.

(My political evolution -- from I-like-Ike conservatism to liberalism to Marxism to Ayn Rand to individualist anarchism to communist anarchism -- has been one of the major sources of misunderstanding about ^{me} case all along. I include the information on my political shifts (I like to think of them as advances.) because it is essential to an understanding of my motives at various points.)

So by the time Greg and I went to New Orleans I was, in many respects, a rightwinger. Among other things, I bitterly opposed John F. Kennedy and believed that he was going to ruin the country.

February and March in New Orleans were difficult times for Greg and ~~X~~^{me} I believe it was in late March or early April that I finally managed to get a part-time job as a telephone solicitor at the Foster Awning Company.

The fact that I had a full beard had prevented me, I think, from getting a job sooner. I had by this time, I believe, borrowed money from Greg and drawn unemployment on my U.S.M.C. service. For while my politics were capitalist, my life-style and cultural interests were post-beatnik bohemian. I hustled awnings and aluminum siding over the telephone in the mornings and wrote and adventured around the French Quarter in the afternoons and evenings.

of

It was probably somewhere in the early part of April that I met Slim (Roderick R.) Brooks one day at work. Somehow, he was sitting at a phone desk which I was to take over for a short while before both of us got off work -- I'm not sure of the exact details. But whatever these were, I wound up sitting at Slim's desk and I noticed immediately that he had left some doddling behind him -- Japanese Kanji symbols (which I had studied in MACS-1 overseas).

It turned to Slim and said, "Hey! I'm just back from Japan, and I'm writing a novel on peacetime Marines in the Far East."

Slim nodded his head, almost as if in agreement with my statement, smiled at me, and proposed that we spend the afternoon together.

We went by the day-old bakery and then to Slim's small French Quarter apartment. There Slim introduced me to Margaret, a waitress in maybe her forties who was somewhat of an alcoholic I think. She and Slim were old friends on a non-sexual basis and I believe that at this time they were temporarily living together. (If this woman is still alive and can be found during the course of an investigation of Slim I am sure she can provide a wealth of valuable information: in 1963 she was working in Fong's Chinese Restaurant on Decatur Street.)

Slim was a fascinating, colorful figure. Presently he was suffering with a bad case of TB, but previously he had worked as a seaman, a lumberman, a U.S. Marshal in Alaska, etc., etc. We sat around his place drinking cold coffee out of Mason jars while he talked about his adventures ~~and~~ and I talked about Ayn Rand's Objectivism.

He expressed his dislike for Jews, Poles, gypsies, homosexuals, Russians, Mexicans and so on with a chuckle, usually, which left me with room to assume he wasn't really very serious about it -- and that, of course, was the assumption I preferred to make, since I really liked Slim a lot and Gary was his friend.

I think I first met Gary at Slim's one afternoon. Very quickly the conversation got around to politics and we discovered that we both hated Kennedy or something to that effect. Slim interjected: "I did it! I was a catalyst!" I would not remember the incident at all, but for Slim's comment. Had that been our only meeting, I would quickly have forgotten Gary entirely.

By this time I had another close friend in the Quarter. Her name was Ola Holcomb. She was also an aspiring writer. Ola and I formed a very close non-sexual friendship in a short period of time and she became a convert to my Ayn Rand philosophy.

I think Slim met Ola through me and Gary met her through Slim. By sometime in May it looked as if Gary and Ola were going to hit it off together, or so I reconstruct events, because Slim and Gary and Ola all dropped by to visit us on the Memorial Day weekend, probably Sunday afternoon. (I believe Ola was present on this occasion but am not absolutely certain -- in any case, very soon after, if not by then, she and Gary had a thing going.)

I do remember a couple of things very clearly about this visit. I recall Gary sitting there, sort of leaning back on a chair with his hands behind his head, smiling and looking at the typewriter sitting on the desk in the living room of the apartment. I also recall Gary making some kind of remark about being or knowing a "fence" for stolen goods. I think he mentioned a pawn shop on Canal Street by name where the guy was willing to purchase things that were stolen.

On Memorial Day the typewriter -- an Olympia ~~(probably a Swiss brand)~~ was stolen while Greg and I were out. It was our habit to leave the door unlocked. We knew almost no one in the city at this time. Our apartment was on the second or third floor.

It seemed at that time to both Greg and ~~me~~ that it was a very logical possibility that Gary Kirstein had taken the typewriter.

In retrospect I believe strongly this is exactly what happened. I believe that Gary mentioned the "fence" on the Canal Street for two reasons. One, I think he knew the guy and if I had gone in there looking for it, Gary would then know I suspected him. Two, I think Gary wanted me to conclude that if he did steal the typewriter his motives were economic, rather than political.

It is important to realize that I had already typed some of the short-story versions of The Idle Warriors chapters on this typewriter. These manuscripts I was to give away later, possibly to Slim, after I reworked them into the novel manuscript.

In other words, it is probable that Gary Kirstein had in his possession -- for an indefinite period -- one of the typewriters on which portions of The Idle Warriors, which he probably also got hold of, were typed.

I have some Xeroxes of letters I wrote during this period of time in which I talk about Slim. I also have many other memories which I will be glad to provide when and if that becomes necessary, including the names of one or two other witnesses who knew Slim then.

Instead of plunging into detail now, let me simply say that Slim took me under his wing and made me feel at home in New Orleans. Around the middle of April, Greg and I moved into an apartment in the French Quarter on St. Louis.

N.O.
April 161

On April 17th, which was my 23rd birthday -- and also, I realized recently, the day of the Bay of Pigs invasion -- Slim, who was also once a ship's barber, gave me a haircut.

Speaking of the Bay of Pigs invasion, there is one detail about Slim which I had better mention here because I am almost sure now that it is significant. Slim claimed that his hobby was navigation and he had a great number of Federal navigational charts, rolled and stacked in a pile in his apartment. Most of these, as I recall, or of those that I saw, were of the Caribbean area.

Slim never voiced strong political opinions, but I believe in retrospect that he was working with the anti-Castro groups then functioning in Louisiana. I think he was probably a navigational advisor on the Bay of Pigs invasion.

I also think our meeting at the Foster Awning Company may not have been a chance meeting, but that Slim may have been assigned to "intercept" me and "babysit" me because I was writing a book on Lee Harvey Oswald who, for one of many possible reasons, may have been of great interest to elements within the intelligence community at that time.

It was shortly after Greg and I moved to the Quarter (from the slums of the Irish Channel) that Slim introduced me to Gary Kirstein -- who he said was his brother-in-law, just in from Kansas City. Slim warned me in advance that Gary was something of a "weasel" -- a sly, shady character who lived on the fringes of the criminal world.

The "intel/community's" standard
John for at all...

Gary didn't look like a criminal at all. He dressed very straight. He wore neatly pressed slacks and short-sleeved shirts. If anything, he dressed like an off-duty policeman.

He was an older man -- perhaps in his forties, certainly at least in his thirties. He had brown hair and was balding, was of medium build and height, smoked a pipe, and spoke in what was at times almost a whine, except his words were clipped and precise. His accent was mid-Western.

One of the first things I learned about Gary was that he also hated Kennedy, but for somewhat different political reasons than mine.

Gary said that he was raised in a Germanic mid-Western family and that he was a Nazi. He and Slim used to joke about this, and also about Gary's alleged skills at burglary.

Gary was keenly intelligent and had a flippant, light-hearted air about him. Therefore, even though the content of his humor was often sadistic, Gary did not seem "for real." He never sounded angry for example; but he cheerfully recounted the "little jokes" the Nazis had played on the Jews and other victims of their prejudice.

It was also typical of Gary's grim sense of humor about his own pro-war philosophy to steal something that was to be used to advance his political ideals on Memorial Day.

For example, one of the other ~~memories~~⁹ memories I have of Gary concerns his attitude towards the anti-war song which Joan Baez (I think) popularized at that time called "Where Have All The Flowers Gone." They had been picked by young maidens to decorate the graves of young soldiers who had been killed in the wars -- and the song contains the oft repeated refrain, "When will they ever learn?"

Gary's comment: "I like that song! Ha! Ha!"

One day Slim and Gary and I went to the drugstore at the corner of Canal Street and Camp Street. We went in and sat at the counter in order to eat or have coffee.

Gary excused himself, saying with a smile that he had an errand to run and that he would rejoin us shortly.

~~At that time I was not aware that the offices of Guy Bannister -- later named by Jim Garrison as a suspect in the JFK assassination and now known widely to have been a friend of Howard Hunt and a co-ordinator of anti-Castro and other intelligence activities in that area -- were immediately adjacent to the drugstore.~~

While Gary was gone, "Where Have All The Flowers Gone" was either played on the juke box or Slim simply pointed to it on the selector there in front of us and said, "Brother-in-law likes that song. Only he has a different way of thinking about it than most people do."

I replied, "Yeah, I know." I do not remember how I knew, but Gary had mentioned it earlier in some connection or other -- possibly as it was playing on his car radio.

It was probably in June or July of 1961 that I met Jessica Luck, a nineteen-year-old philosophy major at Tulane University. Jessica and I were to have a romantic, passionate, and stormy relationship for the next year or two.

At some point, Jessica and Slim and Gary and I drove out to Jefferson Parish to look at some land which Gary had purchased along the Jefferson Highway.

Meanwhile, Gary was living with Ola in a ground-floor apartment in the French Quarter. According to what Greg and I had been told, he was working for Anheiser-Busch. He was also painting in his spare time, and he frequently mentioned that Hitler had been a painter and had been unfairly criticized because his paintings were too realistic.

I simply have no "tag" in my memories of Gary to indicate to me when it was that he was working for Papa Joe Comforto -- a Bourbon Street night club owner with many sons who helped out in the business. It could have been before he went to work at Busch; it could have been moonlighting while he was at Busch; or, as seems most logical, it could have been after he quit at Busch. But for a time, he did work for Papa Joe, doing what, I do not recall, if I ever knew.

(I hope any scholar of this statement will take the thought to realize that these events took place as far back as fourteen years ago, and will also take the trouble to verify that I have an excellent long-term memory, especially for ideas being discussed. Things which struck me as important at the time, I recall clearly. Things which struck me as important a few years later, I recall less quickly but in many instances quite vividly, though in others not. Generally, things which have only struck me as important recently have been the most difficult to dig up. I am not unaware of the impact my words may have; I do not seek to distort reality but to discover it, for the sake of my own sanity as well as for the political well-being of the rest of humanity. I wish to cause harm to no one -- not through what I say, nor through what I fail to say -- knowing it to be true.)

Sometime in 1961 Gary's house on the land he showed us was built and he moved from the French Quarter to Jefferson Parish. (In earlier writings I stated Gary lived in Kenner; that is in error: a letter I wrote on New Year's Day of 1962 indicates that Gary's land and house were in Jefferson Parish.)

~~In the middle of the summer of 1961 I went to work full time at the American Photocopy Equipment Company in Kenner. Not too long after that Greg returned to California and I moved into a housekeeping apartment on Napoleon Avenue just around the corner from Jessica's family home. (She lived with her parents.)~~

It was about this time that the only interaction with Gary occurred to which I am still unable to attribute, retroactively, any significance: I attempted to obtain some abortion-causing pills through Gary.

Slim and Gary took me from one place to another for hours. I do not vividly recall where all we went -- it was for coffee here, on an errand in the car to a house out by the lake there, and finally we drove to a remote spot under a tree out in the country. I still do not know why.

All this time, though Slim had informed Gary in advance what I wanted, Gary had said nothing about the pills.

Once we reached our isolated rural destination the three of us got out of the car and hunched down under the big tree.

Gary then graphically explained how such pills work by poisoning the woman's body so as to cause it to reject the fetus and told me the location of a drug store where a dishonest druggist would sell them to me without a prescription. I silently decided against obtaining the pills because they sounded so dangerous.

? Finally I had finished most of The Idle Warriors (first of the two drafts I gave to the Warren Commission) and hired a young lady by the name of Joyce Talley (or Tally) to type it. Now if Joyce Talley was CIA that would explain a lot, but I doubt if she was. Otherwise she really was a student at LSUNO in Martin McCullah's (sp?) English class.

Where BK saw him with Lee Oswald...

Joyce introduced me to her professor, saying that she had told him about my book and he was interested in meeting me. At that time I knew him only as Martin. (It was in 1968 that a member of Jim Garrison's staff told me his full name.) Martin, to the best of my memory, had brown hair and a pock-marked face. We spent part of an evening -- Martin, Joyce, and Jessica and I -- sitting in the Bourbon House in the French Quarter talking about writing in general and The Idle Warriors in particular.

At some point shortly thereafter, Martin arranged to meet me in the Bourbon House again. This time he was with a friend of his, Guy Bannister, who was introduced to me as a man with a great interest in literature. Again we discussed my novel. The only detail from this discussion I remember was that Bannister was very favorably impressed when I told him my writing was influenced in part by Sherwood Anderson.

One more time after that I met with Martin in the Bourbon House. This time, for the first time in our conversations, I had some of the chapters from The Idle Warriors with me for Martin to read. Those present this time were Martin, Jessica, and me. Martin read one of the chapters ("One Windy Night") and became very upset to find that it had a "political message" in it. He became even more upset when I explained to him the over-all message of the entire book. He said that people should not clutter up literature with their "half-baked political ideas." He was quite emphatic and even emotional on this score, as if the way I was writing my book was really a personal affront to him of some sort.

I chanced to see Martin in the Bourbon House -- which was then kind of a central clearing house for French Quarter social life -- a couple of times after that, but we never sat together and talked again.

I'm not sure of the significance of the above information, except that it indicates that Guy Bannister was interested enough in my book on Oswald to spend awhile discussing it with me and that, therefore, by the autumn of 1961 the CIA knew I was writing a book on Lee Oswald (who was still in Russia) if they did not know sooner.

Someone who will remember Joyce and Martin is Victor Charles Latham who was a close friend of mine in New Orleans and who was still living in the New Orleans area in 1968.

In December of 1961 (on ~~the~~ weekend of that month) Gary took Jessica and Slim and ^a riding in a black car. I've never paid much attention to cars and did not notice the make, but it was an expensive automobile and I believe the windows rolled up and down when the driver pushed a button.

I believe on Saturday the four of us went for a ride in the country and may have stopped somewhere and had a picnic under a tree (possibly even the same tree that figured in the abortion pill episode). And I believe it was on Sunday that Gary and Slim and I went out to Gary's house, and I think this was my first visit there since it had been completed by the builders.

True enough

MUCH !!
Bannister's office...
Bannister's office by name than mention

It was definitely on that Saturday that, as we were pulling up in front of Slim's place after our ride in the black car, Gary said: "If I were to choose a political name it would be Smith, because a Smith forges things..." At this point Slim butted in saying, "Yeah, like checks, for example." Gary, Jessica, and I laughed. Before Slim made his joke, though, Gary had seemed quite earnest and intent in what he was saying. What had led up to it was a discussion of the meanings of the names of the various Russian Communist leaders.

Now I believe, but am not totally certain, that it was also on this weekend that Gary began talking about a book he said he was going to write, for which he said the working title was Hitler Was A Good Guy.

Each chapter was going to fictionally portray what would have happened if one of the other Nazi leaders had gotten into power instead of Hitler, and it was going to be backed up with quotations from their writings.

In conjunction with this, Gary also discussed his theory that "the secret to Hitler's power was that he had no power." Gary said that Hitler had no branch of the military, no police unit, no government bureaucracy, no union, and no criminal organization under his personal and direct control -- and that it was for this reason that those who did have such organizations under their control trusted him, whereas they did not trust each other. Hitler, he said, was a "compromise candidate."

I think we discussed this "idea for a book" most of the day that Saturday and all afternoon that Sunday. On Sunday, at some point during our conversation, Gary said that Hitler had made one very stupid mistake: he had gone public. Instead of becoming an orator and a holder of government office, Gary said, Hitler should have lived the life, outwardly, of an ordinary German citizen, and should have governed through his powerful friends ~~in~~ such a relatively anonymous position in society. from

Gary asked me if I would do research for him, and I believe he paid me about ten dollars for this "research." It consisted of my going to the New Orleans Public Library, locating books on Nazi leaders other than Hitler, and writing down their more atrocious ideas. I then gave these notes to Gary and heard little if anything about the book after that.

I now speculate that these notes were used in conjunction with the Olympia typewriter upon which I had typed some of The Idle Warriors to produce a manuscript under my by-line which would be useful at a later date (probably in 1968) for incriminating me.

I do not know that any such manuscript ever came to the attention of Jim Garrison or Warren Report critic Harold Weisberg, but it should be fairly easy to question them and find out. Both Garrison and Weisberg have been convinced since 1968 that I am some kind of fascist.

(the "Nazi ..."
Here we go!) → Here we begin sliding into
the CIA's line since the late 60's.

Checking the records of the New Orleans Public Library might aid in establishing the precise date that I checked out books on Nazis.

Before, during, or shortly after Christmas Slim said to me: "I've got a Christmas present for you: you have ridden in Carlos Marcello's car." He was making reference to the black car Gary had been driving on the above-described weekend. Slim explained that Gary knew some of the Marcellos. On another occasion, later on, Slim mentioned to me that Gary was "cultivating" the friendship of Carlos Marcello.

As best I am able to reconstruct, it was probably sometime during the summer of 1962 that Jessica and I were invited to a party at David Ferrie's house. This incident was totally unimportant to me at the time and I did not even recall it until ~~1968~~ 1968, after I had testified in New Orleans before Jim Garrison's Grand Jury and denied knowing David Ferrie.

I am still not sure the event had any significance, but someone Jessica knew at school (I believe) invited us to this party. The only reason I finally did remember it was because someone made a joke about the party being hosted by "a homosexual airplane pilot named Ferrie."

I was introduced to Ferrie and we shook hands. I'm nearly sure no significant conversation transpired. I can describe the house, if need be, and give some details about what happened that evening.

It would seem worthwhile to check with Jessica (who probably still lives in New Orleans with her parents on Freret Street on the right just before you reach Napoleon Avenue, coming from town) and find out who it was that invited us to that party and whether or not they knew Kirstein or any other principals.

I think it was also during the summer of 1962 that I saw Margaret on the bus one day. She was no longer living with Slim by then, whenever it was. I clearly recall her telling me that Slim had "an evil side to his nature" and that I should beware of him.

On other occasions Slim himself told me the same thing in these words: "Some times I like to go out and just be sonofabitching evil."

Slim used also to say, from time to time: "Now there is something you had better keep in mind about brother-in-law -- he really is evil. I mean it. He don't mess around. And he is evil."

I invariably brushed aside these warnings.

I also recall Slim once saying to me: "Never lie unless you have to -- and then make that sonofabitch stick."

One afternoon Slim and I were sitting around in his apartment and he said to me: "Don't forget brother-in-law's last name. It is Kirstein. He is a good man to know. Gary Kirstein -- spelled K-i-r-s-t-e-i-n. Remember that. You might need to call on him someday."

The last thing I wanted to believe was that Slim's shady brother-in-law would be anyone whose name I would ever need to know for any reason -- so I promptly disregarded the advice to remember the spelling of his name, forgetting the entire incident until recently.

→ Now Thornley has met FERRIE as well as BANISTER. And it's only the summer of 1962!

*We're looking for
picks up '62 Rev.*

Meanwhile, the focus of my own attention was in areas that had progressively less and less to do with Slim and nothing to do with Gary.

Quite awhile before going to work for the American Photocopy Equipment Company I had shaved off my beard.

Towards the end of 1961 I moved from one place on Napoleon Avenue to another one, just down the street.

On 29 January of 1962 I was laid off the job at American Photocopy. In the weeks that followed I had another difficult period economically. I took a ~~temporary~~ job that didn't work out. I took temporary work. And finally I got a job as a shoe salesman at Marks-Isaacs Department Store for the WHOL Shoe Company.

*O/hey!
Don't be
already in the
Quarter?
Keep
in
mind.*

This job I kept until whenever it was that Lee Oswald returned to the U.S. from the U.S.S.R.

During the time I was working at Marks-Isaacs, or shortly before, I moved from the rooming house on Napoleon Avenue to a place on Barracks Street in the French Quarter.

Sometime in the early spring of 1962 Jessica and I broke up for all practical purposes, though we dated from time to time afterwards and tried to get it back together. (I think David Ferrie's party was one of these occasions.)

*Where
in the
Quarter?
Barracks
Street?*

In the autumn of 1962 -- after another spate of temporary jobs and semi-starvation -- I got a job as a busboy and then as a waiter at the Sheraton Charles Hotel. *(we confirmed for.)*

At about the same time I found a small room for \$20 a month at the corner of Royal and Dumaine in the Quarter.

I cannot ascertain exactly when it was that Gary and I discussed assassinating President John F. Kennedy, but it must have been at least several months after the weekend of riding in Carlos Marcello's car, and would have had to have been before I left town for a visit to California in early May of 1963. * *

(ouch!)

I would guess that it was either late in 1962 or early in 1963. Anyhow, one day Slim said to me, "Let's go spend some time with brother-in-law Sunday." Possibly "Saturday."

*(O.K.
make
some
more)*

I agreed, and Slim and Gary and I wound up together out at Gary's house the next weekend.

At some point during the conversation, Gary said, "Korny, how would you go about assassinating Kennedy?" *(Coincidence raises its head)*

I immediately obliged him with a very gory murder suggestion.

Gary did not accept or reject or comment upon this idea, but simply gave Slim an extremely pleased, significant look.

The suggestion I had made was one someone had made to me at some earlier time. I speculate that it could have been made by someone working for Gary -- an anti-Castro soldier of fortune passing through the Bourbon House, for example -- but I am not sure where I heard it. I am now pretty sure that Gary was taping this session and that its main purpose was to set me up for future incrimination, should that become necessary.

The conversation went on along the same pattern, of Gary asking me for assassination ideas and me supplying them, for a short while, until I ran out of ideas. When that happened, Gary quipped in his typically cheerful manner: "And next we'll get Martin Luther King." *

* I vigorously opposed the idea of killing King.

** Incorrect -- see footnote on page 13.

Joke: ② Thurs } Moravia
(= Naval
Intell)

I recall only two of the suggestions I made. The first involved a method of poisoning with a chemical that would "blow his stomach apart" and another involved the use of a remote control model airplane or rocket with a bomb in it. Gary's response was, as best I recall, pretty much the same each time -- no comment to speak of, just a smile in Slim's direction.

At one point Slim interjected, "Remember what I told you about brother-in-law, Kerry. Don't forget his name. He's a good man to know." Briefly Gary and I discussed his name -- how to spell it, what it meant in German, and the meaning of another German name (Steinkopff(sp?), a man who had been in MACS-9 back when I knew Oswald).

Another thing Gary asked me at one point was what I thought of "bringing Jimmy Hoffa into this thing." I said I thought it would be a good idea, that Hoffa was being persecuted by Robert Kennedy, and that I thought he was a good man. (Standard, false sponsor line)

I think it was also during this discussion that I asked Gary what he had done during the war. He made the statement more than once -- and I think this was about the second or third time -- that he and other mid-Westerners of German background had been sent to the Pacific Theater out of fear they would collaborate with the Germans if sent to Europe. I believe, but am not absolutely certain, that Gary told me he was in Naval Intelligence and that he had spent his time on a ship in the Pacific (possibly on Guam) monitoring radio broadcasts.

These discussions definitely took place after the U.N. had sent Congolese troops into Katanga -- because that was also one of the things we talked about as good reason for hating Kennedy.

At another point Gary said: "I think a good form of government would be one where each interest group elected representatives -- each industry, each union..." And so on, outlining the fascist corporate state -- finally asking, "Don't you think that would be a good form of government?" I said yes -- and then remembered that Gary had told me once before that this was fascism, which I certainly did not think was "a good form of government." But by that time Gary was smiling smugly, as if extremely satisfied with getting me to make that particular answer to that particular question, and so I let it pass.

During most of these discussions I had been sitting by the door or squatting in the center of the room and Gary had been sitting at the end of the room opposite the door, on a sofa. Slim, who said very little the whole time, was sitting to my right and Gary's left on one side of the room.

Finally, there came a time when I had a definite feeling the discussion was over. I couldn't figure it out. Gary and Slim had been acting very odd -- saying little, giving one another significant looks, smiling at what seemed to me inappropriate moments. Some of the time -- for a moment or two now and then -- I would get the idea they were really serious about all this. Then one or the other of them would say something -- or would fail to comment -- and I would get the idea we were just playing games. I think I probably wondered whether or not Gary had maybe bet Slim that I would be enthusiastic about killing Kennedy, hence the significant smiles and failure to develop any of my suggestions. *

* I think Slim "sanitized" the incident by telling me it was the result of a bet, a few days later.

→ = 100% to Intelligence Community, please.
Absolutely not generally known!!

(ouch!)

By this time Gary was standing up near the center of the room and Slim was standing next to him, I believe, probably making ready to terminate the visit. Gary said: "I think the best way to pull off a political assassination and get away with it would be to have many people involved, but kept under the illusion that they were pursuing other goals. Don't you think that would be a good idea, Kerry?" My answer was affirmative. "But in order to do that you would have to have control of a very large bureaucracy." I agreed, concluding somewhat disappointedly that this was indeed nothing but a bull session - since Kennedy was President and, to my way of thinking at that time, he obviously had control of all the bureaucracies. Gary smiled again, looking very pleased. Slim also had a pleased expression on his face.

privately

(ouch!)

I believe it was at this point that I made the suggestion of sending someone out to lead the opposition around in circles so an assassination would not be solved. To my mind, this was an alternative to the rather cumbersome notion Gary had expressed about using many people. I had gotten this idea from The Talent Scout by Romain Gary, in which a Latin American dictator sends out one of his henchmen to lead a revolution against him in order to discover who is against him. I'd given this book to Slim to read and Gary seemed familiar with the idea. In the book, the henchman proves not to be so loyal to the dictator after all and leads a successful revolution against him, instead. Gary said that was the trouble with that idea, that such is exactly what happens -- whoever you send out just goes over to the other side. But at this point I am not sure whether he actually rejected the idea or just pretended to reject it for the sake of security.

That time

Another thing I said I think at ~~this time~~ was that if I took part in an assassination I would afterwards have myself hypnotized to forget my role. This thought has come back to haunt me many times over the years, but I do not believe that is what happened.



Slim and I were now standing at the door, preparing to leave. Gary said: "Only one problem remains. Who to frame for it. I figure some jailbird." I asked him why frame anyone for it. He said: "People need answers." I then asked why frame a jailbird. Gary said something to the effect that people who get caught are inferior and don't deserve any breaks. I objected to this line of thinking. Gary said: "Well, who would you frame for it?" I think I probably said: "Well, why not frame some Communist?" Gary smiled.

(The Lumby's chess is getting strong)

Another possibility about when this discussion might have taken place has occurred to me. It could have transpired ~~some time~~ shortly after my return to New Orleans from California and Mexico City in September of 1963. I know that on the day of the assassination it was already an old memory, because it was not fresh in my mind enough to cause me to even begin to suspect Gary or Slim of being involved.*

I do not know how many times I visited Gary's home. Each time was with Slim and as few as two visits or as many as four or five might have taken place. My basic impression is that there were only two -- but I have some memory fragments of exchanges with Gary

*This is incorrect speculation; I'm now almost sure the talk took place two or three weeks before the assassination and it was Slim's telling me I had "made him lose ten dollars" that caused me to dismiss it as an erie co-incidence.

in his living room which I cannot attribute with certainty to either of the visits I remember in detail. However, these are exchanges which could have taken place on either of the two visits or upon some less memorable visit.

Before covering these miscellaneous memory fragments I want to note one other interchange which I am fairly certain took place on the day of the assassination discussion, and which was left out of the foregoing because of oversight. Gary and I talked about who would make a good President and his choice was Nixon. Goldwater seemed like a more logical choice to me -- although I knew already that Gary didn't like Goldwater because he classified Goldwater as Jewish -- and I mentioned him. Gary replied, "Oh, don't talk to me about that raving Red." I have so far been unable to remember his reasons for preferring Nixon.

Among the exchanges which I cannot place was one fairly long argument about Jim Garrison in which all three of us took part. This was not a heated argument -- I don't recall ever seeing Gary appear angry -- but merely a disagreement. Gary did not like Garrison and in those days I did. I kept asking him for his reasons and then picking at them when he presented them. Finally he said, in a very lighthearted manner, that the real reason he hated Garrison was because "he wears a vest." He said he had told that to a co-worker of his at the brewery and the man had really cracked up laughing.

Whenever it was that he quit at the brewery, shortly thereafter he told how on the day he decided to resign he walked up behind someone who worked there that he didn't like, and jumped up and kicked the man in the back of the head with both feet. It sounded like a difficult stunt to pull off. Then, Gary said, he went to the office and turned in his resignation.

He said on a couple of occasions that while he considered black people to be subhuman there were some "niggers" who were all right. One of these was a man who worked at the brewery in some low-status job, I believe, and knew how to "keep in his place."

I recall telling Jessica that Gary was telling me stories about Papa Joe Comforto, but I do not remember any of these stories, or actually remember Gary telling them to me.

Gary had many stories to tell about the various Nazi leaders which I remember, but am not recording here because I don't think they are relevant enough to warrant the time and space it would take.

I am sure that at some point during the discussions with Gary I must have mentioned that it was a little-known fact that people could indeed be hypnotized to kill. I had read this in a book by a professor in the state of Washington who had been conducting experiments with hypnotized subjects. They could be induced it was found to throw what they thought was acid on someone.

Among the people Gary mentioned hating, in addition to Jews and blacks, were so many others that it was a joke between the three of us.

Once when Slim was laid up in the hospital with TB for awhile, I went to visit him. Gary it turned out had been by earlier and had left Slim a list titled something to the effect of "101 People Who Must Go."

It had such listings as "Jewish people" and "people with glasses" and "bald people" (Gary himself being bald) and so forth, getting progressively sillier as it went on until virtually everyone was covered by more than one category listed.

This was one of the things that lulled me into thinking Gary was not serious about the other things he said.

I believe, but am not certain, that Gary said members of his family were active in the German-American Bund in the Midwest during the thirties.

Another thing that happened out at the house was Gary told me Hitler said that one should never make the mistake of assuming people are any stupider than they really are.

I am sure I have a lot of other little fragmented memories like that lying around in my mind. Some of them may be important -- I haven't the other sources of information in terms of which to evaluate. On the basis of what I understand at this point about the over-all Kennedy murder operation, I have covered everything significant about Gary Kirstein that I recall from the period between April of 1961 to whenever it was that we ~~last~~ saw each other before I left town in December of 1963.

Now I feel that I should backtrack and update on the progress of The Idle Warriors. After that, I should include a chronology of my relationship with Slim.

I postponed writing the last chapter of The Idle Warriors until Joyce finished typing most of the rest of the final draft. This must have been early 1962. I was hesitant to do this chapter because it dealt with an investigation of the main character's defection to the U.S.S.R. and I had only heard rumors of the investigation that was conducted at El Toro after Oswald's defection -- I had no first-hand knowledge of it. My preference would have been to place my main character in Moscow at the end and describe things from ~~that~~ his viewpoint, but I had even less experience to go on for something like that.

I first sent the book manuscript to Charles Tuttle and Sons in Vermont who publish a lot of books about Japan, having a Toyko office I believe. They rejected it. I next sent it, in all probability, to Helen Curtis Brown literary agents, because another friend of Joyce Talley's named Saul Gottlieb had suggested that. After awhile I lost hope of selling the manuscript and turned my attention to other things. Occasionally someone would recommend an agent or publisher and I would give them a try.

It seems to me that someone recommended Max Shullman at some point. That name rang a bell recently when I ran across it in Robert Byron Watson's statement on the King assassination.

One person who recommended several publishers and/or agents to me was William deLis or Bill Schmit (his real name). Schmit had established the Theatre deLis in New York and was in New Orleans at least by late 1962 attempting to start a professional theater there. One of the people working for him for a long while was Vic Latham. I also worked for Schmit for awhile and was one of the few people who didn't wind up getting ripped off by him. (Lorraine Sinkler -- who was working for Jim Garrison by 1968 -- also worked for Schmit at that time.)

I met a New York promoter type named Jerry one night on a bus and it seems to me he was also associated with Schmit in some way. As I recall, Jerry recommended a publisher for The Idle Warriors that night on the bus, and that may have been Max Shullman.

I don't know what Jerry's last name was.

By the spring of 1963 The Idle Warriors was permanently on the shelf and I had decided to become a poet instead of a novelist.

~~When I got news that Oswald had returned from the Soviet Union in 1962 I quit my job at Mark Isaacs as a shoe salesman in order to get a part-time job and start rewriting The Idle Warriors with the idea in mind that when I reached the last chapter this time around I would set go to Dallas and visit Lee and find out directly from him all the details I would need to set the conclusion to the book in Moscow. But I was never able to get my economic life in shape enough to do this the rewrite, let alone make the trip to Dallas. And by the time I went to work at the Sheraton Charles ~~Shearson~~ Sheraton-Charles I was heavily into poetry and ready to resign the Warriors to oblivion.~~

~~But in the spring of 1963 Clint Bolton entered my life and began a campaign to change all this.~~

Loy Ann Camp, a fellow poet named Joel Cohen, and Dave Carpenter and I were sitting in a bar one night and Joel and I were taking turns reading our poems.

Clint somewhat drunkenly butted in while I was reading one of mine and began to pester me. I behaved very rudely towards him, which didn't seem to ^{phase} phase him. He just stayed in there and kept punching and we wound up alone together in another bar talking about Pindar by sunrise.

That morning back at Clint's house I told him about The Idle Warriors. He said he could tell by the tone of my voice that the Warriors was what I should be writing instead of a bunch of "Tuesday afternoon" stuff, which is what he called my poetry. When we got through talking that morning he said to me, "Go home and write -- ya bum."

I don't know if I started a rewrite of the Warriors then or not, but if I did I quickly lost interest and was back to my poems and vignettes. Clint spent hours explaining to me that I should be writing a novel, not poems. I had a couple of other novel projects on my mind which I had never really gotten started and once in awhile I would go to work on one of these. But then Clint would come up with some reason why I should be working on The Idle Warriors instead.

L/O ~~arrived~~
in April

The other thing Clint insisted on was that I should leave my politics out of my writing. Yet I realized that without the political message the Warriors would be all but pointless.

L/O
leaves
Sept 24

During these discussions, in which Clint would become extremely eloquent and of which he never seemed to tire, we spoke a great deal about my character, Johnny Shellburn, who was drawn in part from Oswald. Clint saw Shellburn as a bitter, lonely, alienated man to a much greater extent than I did.

Our relationship continued along these lines up until I left for California in May of 1963 and resumed where it left off as soon as I got back in September. Clint was consistent. He always wanted me working on a novel rather than poetry and on The Idle Warriors rather than one of my other novel projects.

Sometime in the autumn of 1963 Clint started reading The Idle Warriors manuscript and making specific suggestions for rewrite. His favorite chapter was "Soledad," and one night in the Bourbon House he got the novelist Tom Sancton to read it and make some suggestions.

In the autumn of 1963, in fact, Clint took an extraordinary interest in me and in seeing to it that I sat down and wrote. He provided me with what he called a "controversial" typewriter, because, he said, there was a controversy concerning its ownership. He told me not to worry about anything, that he would take care of me, that I should just write. He even provided me with a woman.

This was Jeanne Hack. Clint always called me his son, and one night when I was sitting in the Bourbon House he walked up with Jeanne and introduced her to me as his daughter. Then he said, "Let's have a little incest," and walked off.

While later when I left the Bourbon House Jeanne, somewhat to my surprise, left with me, and trailed around with me for the next several days. (Jeanne's father, a Dr. Hack, was a well-known heart specialist at the Tulane Medical Center at that time; and in 1968 she was one of the witnesses that Garrison questioned about me and, according to what I heard, was then living in the Midwest married to someone named Napoli.)

As I was to learn after the assassination, Oswald had made headlines that summer in New Orleans with his "Fair-Play-for-Cuba" activities -- yet no one mentioned this to me when I got back to New Orleans in September. This was one of the things that Jim Garrison could not believe in 1968, and it is peculiar. I had talked a lot about Oswald in 1961 and 1962, and had conversed about him extensively with Clint as recently as that spring. But neither Clint nor anyone else said to me, "Hey, that guy you wrote The Idle Warriors about was in town last month."

This has caused me to think very hard about who I was with in the autumn of 1963 and what they seemed to be thinking about and doing.

But before going into detail about that time period in general I want to cover my relationship with Slim.

After about six weeks I began to pick up on things in Slim which turned me off. Sometimes he would wear the same clothes, without washing them, for several days in a row, until he smelled obnoxious. Also, after that first six weeks, he began telling the same old jokes and stories over again. Moreover, meanwhile, Greg and I had developed a number of new friends, so that eventually Slim became a minor friend instead of the major one he had been at the beginning.

Slim did remain a colorful figure in our eyes, however, and it was entirely pleasant to spend an evening or an afternoon with him now and then. He was not a writer, but he had a way with words that was extraordinary. When he spoke, he dropped articles generally and resorted to original, albeit sometimes oft repeated, ways of describing things. I remember, for example, the night he said of a couple we visited of which the male member was scratched up and the female member bruised: "Looks like they been having an argument -- by hand."

I dubbed Slim a natural poet and called his one-liners "Slimmericks."

When Slim and I first met, he was living on one of the streets in the Quarter that runs parallel with Bourbon and with Rampart[?] and is located between them -- probably it was Dauphine. He lived here for quite awhile.

Later on -- I'm not sure when -- he was living out of the Quarter on the Irish Channel on Magazine Street. He also lived here for quite some time.

By 1964 he was living in the Quarter again somewhere up around * Decatur Street. And the last few times I have seen him -- in a brief visit to the Quarter in 1966**I believe, and in 1968 when I became involved with Jim Garrison's theories Slim was living on Decatur Street.

I don't recall ever spending time with Gary without Slim being present, but most of the time I spent with Slim was without Gary, though Slim frequently brought Gary up, usually referring to him simply as "brother-in-law."

Slim seemed to find Gary quite fascinating -- admiring in particular the deviousness of his mind.

Also, during part of the time that I knew Slim he was in a hospital which was out in the direction of Napoleon Avenue somewhere. I think I rode the Magazine Street bus to get there. This was sometime in the early sixties, before 1965.

Because of his TB Slim was not fit for the work he loved best, going to sea, so he worked at odd jobs and seemed to have a very hard time of it economically. Although "brother-in-law" was modestly well-off, it appeared, Slim never seemed to depend on him for help, or to expect economic assistance. They both seemed philosophically opposed to that kind of relationship. Gary believed in survival of the fit and Slim summed up his own ethic in that area as: "I got mine; how you doin'?"

For another brief period -- I think in the autumn of 1962 -- Slim was living, working, and singing hymns at some sort of skid row mission. Of this experience he said: "Lincoln freed the black ones ninety years ago."

* Correction: he was living on Esplanade, right next to the Quorum, in 1964.

** 1965, not 1966. But he was not yet living on Decatur, until 1968.

At this time I recall vividly only two things about Slim that revolve around the point in time when President Kennedy was killed. One night in the Bourbon House -- either shortly before or shortly after the assassination -- Slim said in a mean growl, obviously for my benefit though addressing someone else nearby: "Kerry says I repeat myself like a worn-out record and so forth; well -- he'll learn."

The other thing is that in December of 1963, when I was contemplating forsaking my "whim-worshipping" French Quarter friends (most of whom had shed tears over the death of JFK while I had seen the event as an occasion for celebration) I considered two different plans. One of these was to go directly to New York in order to "be with more rational people" (i.e. Ayn Rand and her followers). The other was to take up the invitation which a childhood friend of mine, Robert McDonald, had extended recently to live with him in Alexandria, Virginia, then to settle there for awhile by finding a job and my own place to live, then in perhaps a year to move on to New York.

One afternoon I discussed these alternatives with Slim in the Bourbon House and he persuaded me to move to Alexandria on the basis that it was near Washington, D.C., and my living there would increase the likelihood that I would be called to testify about Oswald, which in turn would be good publicity for my book and might help me sell it to a publisher.

As I've previously indicated, in early May of 1963 I went to California to spend the summer with my parents. I believe they had sent me the money for bus fare as a birthday gift.

For many years I had wanted to visit Mexico City and before leaving New Orleans I told Slim and many others that as I returned that fall, I was going to detour down to Mexico City and spend about a month.

I kept in touch by letter with both Slim and Clint Bolton during my summer in Whittier, California.

During the spring of 1963 I worked in a restaurant directly across from Disneyland part of the time and lived in a hotel in Anaheim. After that I worked for awhile at K.X. Mitchell's restaurant in East Whittier. Finally, toward the end of the summer, I wound up working at the Trapper's Inn in La Habra.

One day, probably in late August, I was dismissed from the job as a waiter at the Trapper's Inn quite suddenly on the grounds that I was "too slow." The man whose job it was to give me the news said he did not understand why Mr. Bullard, the owner, was firing me, because he said there were other waiters working there who were slower than I was.

Mr. Bullard and Mr. Mitchell, my previous employer, were friends, and I had been trying to act like a Mickey Spillane hero when I was working at K.X. Mitchell's and had made somewhat of a pain in the neck of myself. So it is possible that Mitchell told Bullard I was a "bad egg" or something and that is why I was fired. It is also possible that Bullard, a Texan, was somehow indirectly influenced to fire me by Gary Kirstein or one of the other conspirators in order to get me moving in the direction of Mexico City at that time.

Shawley?
Mexico
City
←

*career
gratuity
here*

I rode with my parents down to the Mexican border in late August and bought a bus ticket in Tijuana for Mexico City. During the week I wound up spending in Mexico City I lived in the Hotel Marlin and had no contacts whatever with anyone who spoke English. (I had taken Spanish all during high school and during my one year of college and had worked with Latin American waiters and bus boys at the Sheraton-Charles -- many of which, incidentally, were anti-Castro Cubans. My Spanish was therefore good enough so that I could get by.)

Mexico City was a great disappointment to me. Not only was it much less exotic than Manila, which I had expected it to resemble, but it was also much more expensive than I had anticipated. That is why I wound up leaving at the end of a week instead of going through with my plan to spend a month there.

Shortly after I returned to New Orleans during, I think, the first week in September, Lee Harvey Oswald -- probably acting on the instructions of FBI agent Hosty -- went to Mexico City. I did not learn that Oswald had been to Mexico City until after the assassination, and when I did find out that not only had he been there but that his visit there had occurred a couple of weeks after mine, I began to realize that others might have good reason for suspecting me of being part of an assassination conspiracy.

If the plans for Oswald to go to Mexico City could for some reason not have been changed at the last minute, I think it is possible that the assassins planned somehow to get us involved with each other in Mexico City and that my early return to New Orleans might have foiled that expectation.

Perhaps not. In any case, Slim (and therefore Gary) was undoubtedly one of the first people to hear about it when I got back to the French Quarter in early September.

My closest friend during September, October, and November of 1963 was Clint Bolton. Earlier I sketched out some of Clint's interactions with me during that period, but did not include my recent speculations as to what Clint was doing in relation to a possible assassination conspiracy.

In 1968 when I came under Jim Garrison's suspicion, members of his staff (namely Andrew Sciambra) told me that Clint Bolton had worked writing publicity for various CIA anti-Castro groups. It got back to me second-hand that Garrison regarded Clint as my CIA babysitter. The notion that a Princeton gentleman like Clint Bolton would have taken part in a murder plot against someone like John F. Kennedy has always struck me as absurd in the extreme.

However, it is entirely possible that Clint would have taken part in such a conspiracy unwittingly, under the illusion that it was an official U.S. operation to assassinate Castro.

Clint was friends both with Clay Shaw and with Guy Bannister. It strikes me as extremely possible that Bannister might have told him Oswald was going to assassinate Castro and have assigned him to coach me in rewriting The Idle Warriors in order to provide cover that would emphasize Oswald's "loner" qualities and thereby help dissociate him from the Central Intelligence Agency and/or Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Intel/Phrenology

My most recent address for Clint is 1251 Becatur Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70116. Phone: 504-525-5632. It seems to me that it should be a fairly high priority to question Clint. Approached by official investigators who asked sufficiently pointed questions, I'm relatively certain Clint would have a great deal to say that would shed light on the JFK assassination.

Please keep in mind that Clint has a bad heart and it is important therefore to avoid coming on "tough" with him, etc.

As recently as 1968 Clint maintained his belief in the lone assassin theory. I think this was a sincere stance. Clint ^{3rd time KT says this} probably knew that Oswald was a government agent and thought that he was slated to kill Castro and had somehow flipped out and killed Kennedy instead.

I have a number of miscellaneous memories concerning my interactions with Clint in the fall of '63, in addition to those which I mentioned earlier. Some of what may be the more important ones follow.

It was Clint who suggested I go to work at Arno's restaurant, in late October, perhaps, or early November. This is where I was working as a waiter at the time of the JFK assassination.

Clint was extremely calm about my flamboyant, obnoxious behavior immediately following the assassination. This was unusual among my friends, the rest of whom -- except for a couple of extreme rightwingers -- became angry with me for expressing joy at the death of the President.

Looking back, I think Clint's uncharacteristic (for him) calm was a professional calm. From his point of view, it might have appeared that the killing of Kennedy was a SHAM -- that Oswald had somehow flipped out of FBI and/or CIA control. Clint would then have been keeping a cool head in an emergency. Everything about Clint's behavior that I know -- before, during, and after the events in Dallas fits this theory.

After the assassination Clint became my self-appointed public relations man. Strangely, it was not until then that he became aware, so he said, that The Idle Warriors was based on Oswald. On the night of November 22nd, when he revealed this ignorance, I was much too caught up in my personal melodramas to wonder at that. But upon reflection over these many years it has begun to seem very strange to me that Clint could have failed to recall my many discussions about Oswald and his dramatic defection to the Soviet Union being the climax of the book.

Once I assured him that Oswald was indeed the Marine I had known whose defection had inspired The Idle Warriors plot, he began parading me around from one T.V. or radio station to another, feeding me attitudes and probably even lines, incidentally, to feed to the American public in turn -- not distortions of fact so much as of emphasis. Everyone wanted to hear how disturbed Oswald was. Nobody was interested in much else about him. The other stuff didn't sell.

A precise measure of Clint's total effect upon me may be gotten by comparing the two drafts of The Idle Warriors I gave the Warren Commission -- the one written before the assassination with the one influenced by Clint which I wrote after the assassination.

Sam Fin-ah-zee (phonetic approximation) -- one of the brothers by the same name who owned a tobacco wholesaler dealership down on Decatur Street near the Esplanade end -- was a sudden and then constant companion of Clinton James Bolton in the autumn of 1963.

~~When I was working for Arno's I would finally locate Clint and Sam at Barbara Reid's home, almost every night after work. Sometimes there would also be an actor there by the name of Cliff Hall.~~

Clint also worked for Sam that fall. They would go into a tobacco retailer and Sam would lay a rap for his cigars down while Clint, to hear him tell it, stood there "looking like George Raft." Sam's influence perhaps explains why Clint was dressing about the way Sid Stone did on the Milton Berle Show back in the Fifties. (That's about the way he was dressed when he took me around to the media.)

~~Possibly Sam was Clint's Syndicate babysitter or something along those lines.~~

Sam and I shared an enthusiastic admiration for Garibaldi.

Very soon after I got back to the French Quarter that fall I was sitting in the Bourbon House at the corner table near the window talking to some male of my acquaintance.

Barbara Glancy Reid, whose reputation as a voodoo worker had reached my ears but with whom I was not then well-acquainted, turned from her place next to some gentleman at the bar and said to me: "Have you ever been in radio work?" I replied that I had not. "Well you should be in radio. You have a lovely voice." I thanked her and resumed discussion with my male acquaintance, who was sitting to my right, back to the window.

Whoever this was, after the assassination Barbara began insisting that it had been Oswald.

I have considered all sorts of remote possibilities that it was. But if it was really Oswald it seems odd that I would fail to recognize him, so I think it was someone who would have looked like Oswald to Barbara, but not to me. I think that male to my right in the Bourbon House that day was the so-called Second Oswald or Leon Oswald of the puzzling Warren Commission tid-bits. And I further believe, but am not certain, that whoever this guy was, he may have been working as a bus boy at the Sheraton-Charles for a short while when I was working there also.

"Frenchie" in the Mystery Tramp Photos has always seemed to resemble a Sheraton-Charles bus boy about whom my memories are vague. Both Victor Charles Latham and Shirley Lucas should be asked to look at "Frenchie" in the Tramp Photos.

I am not at all certain of this theory, but I do think it is worth ~~work~~ checking out.

Many of the bus boys at the Sheraton-Charles were anti-Castro Cubans, and I worked there briefly ~~like at that same time, in~~ ^{again} ~~fact~~ right after I got back to New Orleans from California.

The above is the somewhat well-known Bourbon House incident around which Garrison's public accusations at me and my replies to him centered in 1968.

The transcript to my testimony delivered to the Orleans Parish Grand Jury on February 8, 1968, ought to be acquired by investigators, and a copy ought to be sent to me for corrections in punctuation, etc.

Shortly after the Bourbon House incident would have occurred I quit work at the Sheraton-Charles. For the most of the rest of

the couple of weeks that Oswald, unknown to me, was in town and apparently even hanging out at many of the same places I was, spending lots of time in the apartment of a female friend of mine (Loy Ann Camp) talking to her new boyfriend, Tom (Buck) Mashburn.

Tom had a brother named Snell who was the big love of Loy's life. I met Tom soon after my return to the Quarter -- even quitting at the Sheraton, in fact -- and soon I discovered that beneath Buck's country boy outward appearance was a very dynamic intellectual.

Buck was a spellbinder. He would keep me up all night, night after night, with incredible philosophical raps and discussions of psychology. Thus I wound up sleeping during the days, which kept me off the streets of the Quarter, where I might have run into Lee Oswald otherwise.

Buck Mashburn may have been a victim of circumstance. He however, have all kinds of incredible mental and athletic skills which would have served a professional espionage man well. He memorize things quickly. He could walk down a suburban block handing out commercial leaflets (which he and I did to make money day) and without getting winded or seeming to hurry -- simply economizing on his motions and steps -- he could move so fast I had to run down the other side of the street, doing the same with the leaflets, to keep up with him.

Mashburn, in my opinion, could have been anything from an bystander to a witting assassin.

He is a friend of Loy's father, a football coach (also named Camp) at the university in Lake Charles. In 1968 he showed me the Atlanta Public Library where I was working at the time, thereafter I discovered he was attending Georgia State University.

During discussions in past years he mentioned once to me the existence of a photo of him and Oswald in Fong's on Decatur taken in the autumn of 1963, but said that they did not know of other, just happened to be in the same photo of the inside of the restaurant.

Around the time I wrote my article for The Great Speckled Bird titled "Did the Plumbers Plug JFK Too?" (27 August 1975) I mentioned Buck at school and mentioned the Hunt-Sturgis theory. He made his opinion clear that I was playing around with something I shouldn't.

The next time or so that I saw him I asked him point blank if he figured had assassinated John F. Kennedy. Buck told me he thought it was "an act of God."

These represent some essential highlights in my relationship with Buck Mashburn. I also recall hearing the rumor that his brother Snell was collecting all the information on the JFK murder which he could -- this was during one of my visits to New Orleans (1966, 1968).

Whether there are any records which indicate that Tom Mashburn has at any time worked for a government agency in the role of an intelligence agent would seem to be a crucial means of determining whether or not he is deserving of more investigation regarding the assassination.

There were some others with whom I interacted in the autumn of 1963. I feel that I should mention them, but I cannot speculate with much certainty on whether or not they were involved in any operations related to the assassination.

I spent a great deal of time with Jim Dyer, who was going through economic hardship, as was I, that fall (previous to my employment at Arno's). I was making some money in tips working at Castillo's Mexican Restaurant and on at least one occasion I split my day's earnings with Jim. We spent a lot of time just hanging out together, doing little besides killing time.

Jim was also an Ayn Rand freak. He had been married to a woman named Bootsie Culp whose family lived across the river from New Orleans, and she, too, was an admirer of Ayn Rand. Jim came from a Lebanese family which had settled in Kentucky, and I believe he had been spending the summer with them.

Jim, as I recall, had a friend named Frank whom we visited from time to time somewhere there in the French Quarter. Not until after I testified in 1968 did I learn that the full name of this Frank was Frank Martin, Jr. -- someone Garrison had asked me about over and over when the full name meant nothing to me.

Another person I knew through Jim and about whom Garrison asked me -- and whose name I did not place regarding events in my own life -- was Dave Chandler. After testifying for the Orleans Parish Grand Jury in 1968 I placed Dave Chandler as another friend of Jim's, also into Ayn Rand, who I met in the autumn of 1963 and with whom I even had breakfast one morning. In 1968 I learned that Dave Chandler was a friend of Clint Bolton's, and also that he had been a stringer for Life magazine at the time I knew him.

Richard Billings, a former Life staffer who became a Warren Report critic and did a series of interviews with me on tape in 1968, once expressed the opinion to me that Dave Chandler "knew more about the assassination than he was telling." He did not give the basis for his suspicions, however.

A few years back I heard second-hand that Jim Dyer was living in New York city and was involved in hard drug traffic.

Jeanne Hack, with whom I was having a deteriorating and sordidly petty relationship in the autumn of 1963, was also associated with a sky diver who said he was part of a traveling show. His name was Alan Campbell and he was also a former Atsugi Marine, and he spoke fluent Japanese. Possibly he was working with some military intelligence operation.

Finally, Jeanne had a younger brother who stayed with us part of the time, and as I recall he was supposed to be on leave from the Navy.

The John Kennedy assassination was a traumatic event in my life. This was due partially to my anti-Kennedy sentiments and how ~~expressing~~ expressing these brought me into conflict with friends and acquaintances of the time. But more importantly it had to do with Oswald -- that he was someone I had known personally, that he was murdered and that, about his life, as opposed to the President's, nobody seemed to care. I identified strongly with Oswald.

So in December of 1963 when I left the French Quarter for Northern Virginia, I felt like an exile. I got a job in a high-rise apartment building called Shirlington House as a doorman and stand-in PEX operator.

During this year I made a final attempt to embrace wholeheartedly the philosophy of Ayn Rand, on the theory that all my troubles resulted from an insufficient mastery of the "principles of Objectivism." As a result I became an even more difficult individual than I had been before. I wrote letters which expressed this state of mind -- to Jessica Luck, Phil Boatright (a poet I had known in New Orleans), and others -- and I believe these letters came to the attention of Jim Garrison and other Warren Report critics in 1968 and cause me to appear more authoritarian and neurotic than I was previous to the year in Arlington, and certainly more so than I have ever been since.

I believe it was during this same period of time that Greg Hill returned to New Orleans for another extended stay. Greg has always been able to get around my dogmatic tendencies with his keen humor and wit, and so we remained in fairly close contact by mail during 1964.

Greg and I had invented a make-believe religion in the fifties centered around the Greek goddess of confusion and disorder, Eris, and we called it the Discordian Society. Discordian doctrines and dogmas ~~where~~ comprised the subject of much of our correspondence since these have always been of high interest to Greg.

My reason ~~for~~ for mentioning the Discordian Society is because Slim Brooks was an active participant in exchanging Discordian declarations and documents and Gary Kirstein would therefore have known about this network and may have used it as cover at some point or other. In 1968 Roger Lovin told me that Jim Garrison was investigating the possibility that the Discordian Society was some kind of CIA front -- which, at that time, I thought was very funny and completely absurd of Garrison.

Roger Lovin was another active Discordian in New Orleans, due I think to Greg Hill's 1964 efforts there. Roger was also a close friend of Slim Brooks and in 1968 when he fell under suspicion with Garrison's office much as I did, he began putting out an underground paper in New Orleans called The Word.

I have never known Roger very well. He has a reputation for being a charming con artist. He also has numerous artistic and theatrical talents. During the autumn of 1963 Roger and I used to see each other in the Bourbon House from time to time and -- just as a joke on anyone sitting around overhearing us -- we used to speak to each other in nonsense language, very similar to that produced by a speeded-up tape recorder.

~~I believe it is very possible that Roger was unwittingly or somehow semi-wittingly involved in the assassination and that he should be questioned specifically regarding his relationship with Slim and also regarding a possible relationship with Kirstein.~~ My understanding is that he is presently living in Cincinnati and I think I can obtain his address if necessary.

Another Discordian who became active during Greg's second stay in New Orleans was Bob MacElroy, about whom I know next to nothing, except that he lived in Monroe, Louisiana.

During this same time period Greg also got to know Clint Bolton and became better acquainted with Slim Brooks. Greg later told me that he once saw Slim climb up the side of a building like a human fly or cat burglar.

In the spring of 1964 I testified for the Warren Commission. By that time, I had become almost entirely convinced by the media that Lee Harvey Oswald acting alone had killed the President. That there might have been a conspiracy was to my mind no longer a serious possibility. That Gary, and most especially Slim, could have actually been responsible for organizing the operation which resulted in the assassination seemed implausible, if not downright paranoid. I doubt seriously if it ever even occurred to me to mention my assassination talk with Kirstein to the Warren Commission counsel.

What I did expect to have to deal with was my own celebrating of the assassination. Much to my relief, Jenner (Albert F. Jenner, the attorney who interviewed me: volume 11 of the 26 volumes) did not bring the subject up, except off the record -- later on -- when I returned a few days after testifying to correct my transcript. At that time he said: "Yeah, we heard about the way you reacted to the assassination, but we also asked around and found out that when you get a couple of beers in you you mouth off a lot and like to get people riled up." I think I told him the beers didn't have anything to do with it -- it was just my personality.

In late summer of 1964 I returned to New Orleans for a visit. I'm sure that a couple of weeks before I made this trek I must have dropped a line to Slim and/or Clint to announce my forthcoming arrival.

When I got there, and saw Slim, he told me, "There's a man wants to see you before you leave town." I asked him who. He said, as if imparting something of great significance, "Fellow whose name begins with K. Lives out on Jefferson Highway."

That seemed odd to me, that Gary should want to make a special effort to get together with me, since we had never been close. But I agreed to a meeting.

Through Slim, I arranged to meet with Gary at the Quorum coffee house on Esplanade, since I had arranged to lecture there one evening on why, as a Randite, I believed it was an intellectually respectable position to support Barry Goldwater for the Presidency.

The night of the lecture came, and Gary did not attend. I don't remember whether Slim sat in for the lecture or not, but in any case both he and Gary were there afterwards, out in back on the patio which adjoined the coffee house.

As I recall, Gary was already seated comfortably as Slim and I approached. At that time the Warren Report had just been issued -- or was just about to be, possibly -- and Slim seemed to regard me as a celebrity on that account. He kept calling people over who had not attended the lecture and did not know me from my previous stay in New Orleans and each time, as he introduced me, he would say: "This is Kerry -- he knew Oswald." And, as was my wont in those days, I would say: "Yeah, I masterminded the Kennedy assassination. How do you do?"

Now Gary had almost nothing to say to me, but he seemed to be regarding the situation with great satisfaction. I couldn't figure it out. What was the purpose of this meeting?

Another reason it seemed strange to find Gary so silently pleased with himself was the recent death of Ola Holcomb, who had after all been his lover for at least several months just a couple of years earlier. Ola had apparently committed suicide by shooting herself in the head a couple of weeks earlier (probably at about the same time news had reached the French Quarter of my impending visit). When I heard that Ola had killed herself I was deeply shocked -- she was an extremely strong person. Also, she had always appeared to be very close to her mother, with whom she was living at the time of her death, and yet she apparently blasted her head open in the kitchen of their apartment, leaving her remains for her mother to discover. It was astonishing that Ola should have killed herself and even more peculiar to my way of thinking that Gary Kirstein should seem in such good spirits so soon afterwards -- but while these things struck me as odd, I did not put them together in my mind.

In retrospect it seems to me very possible that Gary Kirstein killed Ola. I speculate that Ola could easily have known a great deal about Gary which -- put together with the information which only Gary and Slim knew I already possessed -- would have made it evident that Gary had set up the assassination of John Kennedy, to both Ola and me. For reasons which I will go into shortly, I believe Gary thought I already had an inkling concerning his guilt but was keeping my mouth shut because of fear and/or my hatred for Kennedy. Ola's politics, in spite of my having converted her to Ayn Rand in 1961, were much more liberal than mine and there would have been little question in Gary's mind as to what she would have done about the discovery that Gary had assassinated Kennedy.

Now, getting back to the scene at the Quorum coffee house (very near to which Slim was living in 1964, by the way, for whatever that information might be worth), Gary just continued to sit there in the semi-darkness grinning his smug grin and looking at me, while Slim and I and various coffee house clientele made small talk, with me very conscious of Gary's observing mute presence.

I do not remember what the subjects of this small talk were, but some of them -- in light of the way Slim was introducing me -- must have revolved around the assassination, and my opinions concerning Oswald's guilt, whether or not others were involved, etc.

Finally, Slim and Gary started making ready to leave, and -- since I felt we had not conversed much -- I must have asked Gary something to the effect of how was he doing these days. His reply -- although I subsequently forgot the exact context -- made a lasting impression on me. He said he was doing fine and that he really liked living out in the country "because there are no neighbors to hear screaming at night." A distinctly evil glare followed.

My immediate reaction was to give Gary a puzzled look, which must have not been what he expected because, for the only time I can remember, he seemed nonplused. He quickly mumbled something about how one of these nights he was going to go out and get himself a "nigger woman" and "beat the hell out of her."

I did not know what to make of that particular remark -- it was not accompanied by the usual little giggle or grin -- only by a look of awkwardness which at the time I was at a loss to interpret; but the exchange gave me very weird feelings about Gary, and as we parted company I silently hoped I would never have to deal with him again. It also crossed my mind that if he was serious there was not much I could do about it.

In light of my recent realizations concerning Gary Kirstein I now see a certain logic and possible motivation in his actions that night. I think Gary probably had three reasons for wanting to see me: 1) in his eyes a by-product of his having pulled off the so-called crime of the century was his having made me "famous," and he wanted to enjoy his albeit unrecognized importance in my life by gloating a bit in my presence, perhaps he even wanted to give me an inkling that the assassination had been his work; 2) I think he wanted to find out just how much I suspected and exactly what I was telling people when they asked me if I thought Oswald had really done it, acting alone (Slim's "he knew Oswald" remark being a perfect opening for such questions from others); and, finally, I think he wanted to intimidate me a little, so that I would not actively pursue any suspicions I might have about his involvement.

Now when I responded to Slim's opener by saying jokingly that I had masterminded the JFK murder, Gary and Slim and I were aware that the quip had a deeper level than those to whom it was addressed were in a position to realize, because of the discussion we had the day Gary asked me for ideas on how to kill Kennedy. At that time, I regarded that discussion as an eerie coincidence to be laughed at, but whether Gary realized this or not I do not know. His later remark about screams in the night, couple with his oddly off-guard reaction when my response was puzzlement rather than, presumably, fear -- indicates to me that perhaps he had thought, until making what must have been intended as a veiled threat, that I understood or suspected far more than I did.

+ { My stopover in New Orleans had been a nostalgic detour on a journey to Robert LeFevre's Freedom School in Colorado Springs, * where I had won a scholarship for a two-week course of study in libertarian capitalist thought, with which the ideas of Ayn Rand were somewhat identified. Here I expected to get more "intellectual ammunition" with which to combat the rotten "whim worshipers" of the collectivist world, but instead I went through my third really important ideological change, from Rand's concept of limited government to the position that a nonviolent and wholly non-governmental society was both desirable and, in time, possible.

LeFevre refuses to call himself an anarchist, because the term is associated traditionally with antagonism to private property, which he sees as an absolute right -- but most other libertarians who come to his position that government is both evil and unnecessary wind up calling themselves "rightwing anarchists" for the sake of simplicity in communication.

I did not come around to LeFevre's outlook in all respects, but

*Actually, Larkspur, Colorado -- now Ramparts College in Santa Ana, California.

+ he convinced me that all political violence, regardless of its ideological justification, merely serves to strengthen the State, and that what we now think of as governments are nothing more or less, morally and ethically, than criminal protection rackets which have surrounded themselves with a mystique of legitimacy, be it Divine Right, constitutionalism, or whatever. LeFevre believes that self-government is a viable alternative to the State and that when nations begin to attain a level of civilization where self-government predominates, political rule will fall into disrepute much in the way that cannibalism has been abandoned by most of the human race in today's world. In the mean time he advocates education as the only means of bringing that day nearer.

His arguments profoundly impressed me and shortly thereafter, when I moved out to Southern California to take a job as editor of a libertarian newsletter, I found myself very much at odds with the Randites and the other right libertarians who maintained a belief in government as a "necessary evil." I also soon started calling myself an anarchist and began acquainting myself with the ideas of the anarchists in history, especially those who argued against the State from an individualist ethical position.

I also soon discovered the New Left, and I helped pioneer a movement among libertarian elements to cooperate politically with the New Left, many members of which were anarchistic and individualistic, instead of with the conservatives, among whom racism, antisexualism, and unthinking patriotism limited the possibilities for genuine freedom.

My move to Los Angeles took place shortly before the Goldwater defeat and I remained in that area until autumn of 1967. It proved to be a period of enormous growth for me, both politically and personally.

I had traveled through Chicago on the way back to the Arlington area after the Freedom School visit, and there I stopped by to see publisher Paul Neimark, whose Randite magazine articles and paperback anthologies had impressed me, and with whose secretary, Louise Lacey, I had been corresponding for many months.

During my interview with Neimark (of Novel Books) I mentioned having known Oswald and having written The Idle Warriors and suggested that Neimark might be interested in publishing it.

Soon after my arrival in California I got a letter from Neimark in which he stated that while he was not interested in publishing the Warriors (because, he said, he thought I would be able to get more for it from a hardback publisher), he would like me to do a nonfiction paperback on Oswald.

Neimark had very specific notions about what he wanted the book to contain. For one thing he wanted a psychological portrait of the accused assassin which interpreted his projected motives in terms of Objectivist Psychology. For another thing, he insisted upon a fictionalized chapter in which the readers could see the assassination, as the Warren Report outlined it, through the eyes and mind of Lee Oswald. Also, he wanted to include selected excerpts from the version of The Idle Warriors which was written before the assassination.

During the next couple of years I found that Lifton had a wildly fluctuating personality. We would meet one time and he would be calm, articulate, rational and most impressive. A week or so later he would be hysterical, paranoid, and totally freaked out. I never knew what to expect when he called. (At that time I did not understand what caused these extremes in behavior; in the six months or so between July of 1975 and the end of the year I found out for myself what a nervous strain it is to think about something as officially invisible and yet as really menacing as an assassination conspiracy during every waking hour of one's life, and then to have dreams and nightmares about it after one goes to sleep -- it produces a state of mind which I have come to call the "assassination crazies," and I think they not only afflicted Lifton, but also that they explain much of the bizarre behavior of Oswald's mother, of Jack Ruby, of Jim Garrison, Harold Weisberg and other "nuts" associated with the JFK murder in one way or another. My own experiences with this state of mind have given me a lot of compassion in recent months for those individuals, and I now firmly believe the "assassination crazies" are simply a natural response to a most unnatural predicament.)

Most of the meetings that David Lifton and I had took place in the lobby of Glen Towers (1335 South Beverly Glen Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90024), a high-rise apartment building in which I worked as night PBX clerk from the winter of 1964 until June of 1966. I got my job at Glen Towers by canvassing all the large apartment buildings in the Westwood area with resumes, so it seems to me that in this case it must have been a genuine coincidence -- but by far the most colorful resident of Glen Towers was a reputed Mafia don by the name of John Roselli.

Roselli

Glen Towers had a basement parking lot which was wired for sound so that the desk clerk could hear any noises resulting from activity therein. On several occasions the clerks on the desk, particularly those on the day shift, would hear car doors opening and shutting and, upon investigation, would discover two men in suits going through Roselli's car. Upon being challenged, such individuals would always produce FBI identification. Whenever this happened, I was usually told when I came on duty by the clerk I was relieving. And I would always pass the word to Roselli when he came in that evening.

One night when I told Roselli that the Feds had been caught searching his car again, he responded with the following words: "Those people are so stupid -- they don't bother me. You know who is really stupid is the CIA. They're so stupid they killed their own president -- trying to get some bookie."

*KT
chats
with
Roselli*

I have never figured out exactly what Roselli meant by "some bookie." He took me up to his apartment and showed me a place in the wall -- a small hole, I think -- where he said the FBI had once planted a bug. "I stuffed Kleenex in it," he told me. Then he loaned me a copy of a book called The Invisible Government, about the CIA, and indicated a specific chapter to read.

It was also absolutely essential in Neimark's opinion that his publishing house, which also owned The National Insider, receive first American serial rights to the book -- which we both agreed should be titled Oswald -- so that the Insider could run it as a series of articles -- and that I sign a contract giving the Insider permission to "simplify the language."

All these conditions were agreeable to me at the time, but I did not realize what liberties the Insider would take with the material I had written when they "simplified" the language. Since I did not read the Insider installments when they appeared on the stands later, ~~therefore~~ I was not to realize what great liberties had been taken with the material, by way of sensationalizing it, until long after the matter was water under the bridge. But meanwhile a number of Warren Report critics -- most notably Ray Marcus -- read the Insider version of Oswald and became inflamed at me for "jumping on Oswald when he was down" and "cashing in on the assassination." Although Mr. Marcus lived in Los Angeles, neither he nor any of the other critics confronted me with such accusations, so I was never given a chance to explain the actual circumstances which resulted in the Insider sensationalization of my book.

The paperback book edition of Oswald, which made its appearance in April of 1965, carried sensationalistic cover promotion, but the actual content which appeared under my by-line was just as I had written it. Oswald also contained a piece by Bud Simco, with whom I was again in contact since moving to California, which expressed his perspective on my MACS-9 relationship with Oswald. I believe it was my idea to include a piece by Bud in this book.

*

Sometime in the autumn of 1965 I received a telephone call from Warren Report critic David Lifton, who told me that he was also a student of the philosophy of Ayn Rand, that he had read Oswald and recognized it as an exposition of Objectivist Psychology, and that he would like to come over and talk to me about the conclusions of the Warren Commission, which my book had held in great reverence.

At this time I was living in Culver City with Cara Leach, who was to become my spouse a few months later. David had purchased the 26 volumes of testimony and documents upon which the Warren Report was supposed to be based and he brought these over with him in the trunk of his car.

He spread volumes out all over the apartment and talked like a high-pressure salesman. At first I felt as if someone was trying to sell me a set of encyclopedias, but there was just no denying the rationality of his arguments. Again and again, he showed Cara and me vital testimony the Warren Report had ignored, pointed out contradictions between assertions contained in the Report and data contained in the 26 volumes, etc. By the time the evening was over Cara was in tears, and I was very, very shaken.

Lifton and I continued to discuss matters pertaining to the assassination over the years. David has tapes of many of these talks.

* Possibly this was winter or very late autumn; Lifton probably has notes as to the exact date.

I read this chapter and found nothing in it pertaining to the assassination of the President or, as far as I could tell, to "some bookie." It did, however, contain a reference to anti-Castro training camps in Louisiana. With a copy of The Invisible Government in my hands, I can identify the chapter in question, but I do not know offhand its number or title.

On this occasion I told Roselli I had known Oswald and that I hated the government probably as much as he, Roselli, did because I was an anarchist. But I do not believe these statements registered with Roselli; he just looked at me blankly and laughed politely.

Another ideological phase of mine, which was later to cause misunderstanding among assassination buffs, occurred during the period of time that I worked at Glen Towers. I read The Ego and His Own, by nineteenth century German individualist anarchist Max Stirner and began making Stirneristic declarations in letters to my libertarian friends, such as Louise Lacey (who was by this time living in San Francisco and who shared my enthusiasm for an alliance with the New Left).

I made such statements as: "If I find it in my self-interest, I will lie, cheat, steal, kill, etc. I am a law unto myself. I reject not only altruism, but all systems of morality." Taken in their full context, Stirner's ideas are not as ferocious as such extreme statements as the above make them sound. In fact Stirner himself was a mild-mannered school teacher whose real name was J. Casper Schmidt, and who was never known to harm a fly.

Stirnerism, as I interpret it, simply holds that loving conduct toward others comes not from the head and the elaborate moral systems which may or may not be contained therein, but from the heart -- unpredictably and unsystematically. Therefore Stirnerists reject all moralities and face squarely what most people hide from themselves -- that in certain circumstances they may lie, cheat, steal, kill, etc. (For example, although I agreed with LeFevre that all violence simply tended in the long run to increase the power of the State, I also realized that if I were a Vietnamese peasant whose house was being bombed that, given an anti-aircraft gun, I would certainly shoot at the bombers with it.)

Furthermore, Stirnerists realize that against a Ghengis Kahn or a Nero moralizing does not work. So if people who subscribe to moralities violate their own principles, in extreme situations and even at other times, ~~it is not~~ and if people who do not subscribe to moralities are not influenced by the principles of others, no matter how righteously these are mouthed -- then perhaps moralities cause more suffering than they prevent. For, as Stirner points out, all the great wars and mass murders in history have been carried out in the name of someone's notion of "the good."

It also seemed to me that if everyone were a Stirnerist -- a law unto themselves -- then there would be no followers, and without followers there could be no leaders, and without leaders there would be no State.

So while I declared that I reserved for myself the right to govern myself, and that this implied necessarily that I might therefore lie, cheat, steal or kill -- I committed no great crimes. In fact I became really gentle and relaxed for the first time in my adult life.

Meanwhile, I also discovered psychedelics, and as a result began questioning another major plank in Ayn Rand's philosophy -- her militant atheism and rigid rationalism. My psychedelic experiences, amounting to slightly over a dozen LSD sessions in all, were without exception deeply mystical. I came to feel that the universe was infinitely more profound, and filled with many more unexpected possibilities, that I had supposed.

In December of 1965, just after our marriage, Cara and I journeyed by bus to Pennsylvania to visit her parents, and we went by way of New Orleans, making a stopover there for approximately 24 hours.

During this time we visited with Clint Bolton, Vic Latham, and I believe I saw Slim Brooks (and I think that this was when he was living near Decatur Street, up near the Esplanade end of the Quarter, possibly on Chartres).

I am now certain I did not see Gary Kirstein on this visit. (When the Atlanta Police Intelligence people asked me last July if I had seen Gary since 1964 -- a possibility which had not occurred to me until then, and which terrified me -- I held out the remote possibility that I had seen him during this 1965-visit, and forgotten about it because, until recently, Gary seemed like a marginal and unimportant figure in my life.)

I do not recall what Slim and I talked about. I recall regarding Clint only that I introduced him to Cara in the Bourbon House and he told her that she must be a good influence on me, because while I still had all the old fire of my French Quarter days, I no longer had the unbearable intensity. I remember that we visited Vic in his apartment and I told him that libertarian capitalism was becoming increasingly irrelevant for me, and that I now felt the major need for social change was in the area of sexual liberation. Vic answered that he believed the Pill was going to insure profound changes in social attitudes towards sexuality.

I also remember dropping by, early in the morning, without Cara, to see Barbara Reid.

I feel that I need to backtrack a bit on my relationship with Barbara, since it was to assume so much importance a few years later, in 1968.

Shortly after the assassination, late one night ^{at} her house (where a gigantic voodoo altar took up almost half of one room), Barbara informed me that she was certain she had seen me with Lee Harvey Oswald, in the Bourbon House, during September (1963).

My first reaction was to protest that such was impossible because Oswald and I had not been in New Orleans at the same time. But she got out some recent newspapers and demonstrated to me that we had indeed been in town at the same time during much of September.

She reminded me of the incident, which I have previously covered, when she turned from the bar and complimented me on my voice.

Indeed, I could remember the incident, but could not recall for certain who I was sitting with at the time -- but I was at least sure it wasn't Oswald, since I had not seen him since 1959.

Barbara, with the most formidable certainty imaginable, insisted.

She said that she had worked as a casting director and that in that profession she had learned never to forget a face, and that when Oswald's picture first came up on the television screen, November 22nd, she had jumped up and screamed, "It's him -- it's the guy Kerry was sitting with in the Bourbon House."

I had come to know Barbara only recently, and only because nearly every night when I got off work at Arno's, it was at her house that I would find Clint, along with Sam (the tobacco impresario mentioned earlier) and sometimes a fellow named Cliff Hall, who was introduced to me as a radio and movie personality of some sort. I was therefore completely unaware of Barbara's reputation for lying, exaggerating, and imaginarily connecting herself with all kinds of major news events. So when she finally proposed the theory that Oswald and I had failed to recognize each other out of uniform -- or at least that I had failed to recognize him -- and that we just sat down and chatted on a face-is-familiar basis, that seemed ~~easy~~ possible to me (and it was a very intriguing possibility at that).

Barbara went on to outline a conspiracy theory which at that time did not seem so plausible but which, in light of various revelations over the years, seems astonishingly accurate in retrospect -- so much so that I still hold out as a possibility deserving of investigation that Barbara was wittingly involved, with Kirstein, in the multiple murder plot.

She told me to mark her words that when the truth about the assassination came out, it would be found that Latin American elements were involved, that rightist individuals and organizations were involved, and that the plot was New Orleans based. She even warned me that Clint and Sam were somehow involved. She further stated that a colorful nightclub barker named Dan Bickell (sp?) (AKA Dan Cartier) had been involved.

(In light of the accuracy, apparently, of Barbara's other statements at that time -- this might deserve looking into. Dan lived on Decatur Street and I believe he had left New Orleans by then. Barbara said his girlfriend, Kitty -- who had died that summer of a drug overdose -- had worked for Jack Ruby as a stripper. Barbara expressed the belief that Kitty had been murdered. According to local gossip, Dan was the son of a Texas military officer (an Army colonel, I think) who sent him periodic checks on the condition that he stay away. On one of my return visits to the Quarter I heard that Dan was picked up by the police in New York for selling heroin, but that he managed to escape from jail. Loy Ann Camp, Al Thompson, Mala Samuelson, and Millie Fletcher were all French Quarter people who knew Dan much better than I did.)

Shortly before my 13 December 1963 departure from the French Quarter for Arlington, Virginia, I dropped by to see Barbara and told her that one of the reasons I was going to the Washington, D.C., area was to investigate the assassination. I was not very serious when I said this, for by that time I believed it was not very probable that there had been a conspiracy. Since the evening she had confronted me about the Bourbon House incident, I had learned of her reputation for far-fetched melodramatics. So I thought I was just harmlessly humoring a paranoid and soon forgot

having made this statement. (In 1968 Garrison asked me if I had told anyone that I was going to Washington in order to investigate the assassination and I said I had not, thinking this was the truth.)

Another speculation of Barbara's at that time concerned an airliner loaded with Dallas municipal officials which crashed in the lake near New Orleans around the time of the assassination; she believed the plane had been sabotaged as part of the JFK murder conspiracy.

After I got to Arlington I wrote Barbara a letter in which I told her of the rumor which was going around Washington at that time that Jimmy Hoffa was behind the assassination. This was something I passed on and forgot about without giving it much thought at all -- and, again, in 1968, Garrison asked me if I had ever told anyone that Jimmy Hoffa was behind the assassination and, not recalling this letter, I told him I had not.

I also stopped by for a visit with Barbara in 1964. All I remember about this visit is that she repeated the assertion that she would swear to her dying day that she had seen me with Oswald in the Bourbon House, and she gave me a copy of Huxley's The Doors of Perception, which she inscribed "with love -- and defiance!"

This brings me back to the 1965 confrontation. As I arrived at Barbara's some people were delivering or picking up some films -- in large movie film cans or boxes -- and Barbara was either very busy or on her way out, so I didn't stay very long. Again she said she would swear until her dying day that she had seen me with Oswald that September day in the Bourbon House, and she also added her opinion that the death of former mayor Morrison of New Orleans in a plane crash was connected with the assassination conspiracy.

It is worth noting that Barbara's husband, Bill Edmundson, worked in the pharmacy of the drug store at the corner of Canal and Camp which was next door to Guy Bannister's office. Barbara was to tell Greg Hill, in 1965 or so, of her "Mafia boyfriend" and by 1968 she had acquired a reputation around the Quarter as a heroin pusher. Barbara has also been active in the Discordian Society and claims she is, in fact, the Goddess Eris Herself.

I have never known quite what to make of Barbara, and my speculation that she may have been wittingly involved could very easily be entirely wrong -- but someone should certainly question her concerning Kirstein and her alleged Mafia contacts. If she was not wittingly a party to the assassination she has perhaps somehow been used by the assassins over the years and she could in that case provide some valuable information.

It was largely on the basis of Barbara's suspicions about me that I began darkly joking about my "role in the assassination" in 1964.

David Lifton's visit deprived me of my sense of humor in this area for a couple of years.

In the spring and summer of 1966 I began speaking out publicly against the Warren Report. At first I did not consider the JFK assassination an important issue, because I figured the major result of exposing the conspiracy would be simply to put Robert Kennedy in the Presidency. Also, the whole subject made me very uncomfortable because I was keenly aware that I was a potential suspect, and besides that I soon came to realize that an unusually large percentage of assassination witnesses were meeting with violent and untimely deaths (though I later learned, not so many as Penn Jones, Jr., was asserting).

Nonetheless, I gave a rather outspoken statement to Fact magazine over the phone, which they published in their November-December 1966 issue. I wrote an article attacking the Warren Report for Innovator, the libertarian newsletter I edited, which appeared in February of 1967. I lectured on the shortcomings of the Warren Report at the Henry George Schools in San Diego and Los Angeles, and gave a rather nervous interview on the subject of the murdered witnesses over Harry Pollard's KFFK radio show. I also wrote an article for Ramparts, which they did not publish, on my experiences with the Secret Service and the FBI just after the assassination and, later on, with the Warren Commission. (The manuscript copy of this article, which was in the Ramparts files as late as 1968, contains some rather interesting information; the edited typeset version which they also had in their files is too distorted by deletions to make much sense.)

By 1967 I reached a point in my politics where, as far as basic issues and premises go, I remain to this day. When the conservatives began complaining that radical students were interested in nothing but "sex, drugs, and treason" I realized that, instinctually, they had hit the nail on the head. Sex, drugs, and treason were the three things I was for.

Regarding sex, I became firmly convinced that unless there were trends established in our culture in the direction of uncompromising sexual honesty, tolerance for minority sexual preferences, equal treatment of the sexes, rational openness concerning VD and birth control, and saner attitudes regarding sex and child-rearing, particularly with reference to masturbation -- further meaningful social change would not be possible. The basic cornerstone of the entire edifice of the authoritarian submissive/dominant personality, I came to believe, was composed of the implicit supposition that one's body does not really belong to oneself, which is contained in all sexually antagonistic attitudes, from censorship to rape. The child who is persuaded not to masturbate will, of logical necessity, become an adult who can be conned or coerced into military behavior. Ownership of one's body is the political issue.

Regarding drugs, I gained a great deal of respect for psychedelic substances as powerful tools for restructuring portions of one's personality which could not be reached by intellectual effort alone, for expanding one's sense of identification and compassion, and for opening ^{the} narrow and dry Western ego to mystical possibilities.

Zen and similar styles of meditation, along with the yoga disciplines, I came to see as methods for maintaining psychedelic levels of awareness, once the chemicals had demonstrated the nature of such modes of consciousness. As for speed, downers, the opium derivatives, and alcohol in anything but moderate amounts -- I have always seen these as drugs which shut down human awareness, harm the body, provide escapist solutions to problems, and therefore simply shore up the status quo. I have also tended to oppose authoritarian systems of belief and rip-off gurus in the mystical disciplines for similar reasons.

Regarding treason, I came gradually to a position of supporting nearly all factions on the radical left, except in their quarreling with each other and the dogmatic insistence of some of these groups on the necessity of political violence (or, in other cases, the immorality of violence under all circumstances). I came to this position without ever abandoning some of the more libertarian elements on the extreme right. Meanwhile, I continued to refine my own political philosophy of anarchism -- not because I favored "violence and chaos" with which anarchism is nearly always falsely equated, but because of my opposition to violence and chaos, for which government military machines and bureaucratic structures are largely responsible in today's world.

During the past eight or nine years most of my writing, speaking, and social organizing efforts have centered around the "sex, drugs, and treason" theme, which I have continually refined and elaborated with special areas of focus. Moreover, I have as the years have passed acquired more confidence and more social courage in these areas, and hence I have become extremely outspoken. Consequently, most of the straight media people I have encountered and even some culturally conservative types within the Movement tend to regard me as "some kind of nut," which is one way of avoiding dealing with what I have to say.

I believe that recently my image as a 37-year-old beatnik has lessened my credibility as an assassination witness. For had I been clean shaven, suit-wearing, and utterly devoid of any original ideas, I am almost certain it would not have taken me some six months to get serious investigative attention for my charges regarding Kirstein.

By late 1966 and early 1967 the only elements of the Ayn Rand philosophy that remained with me were those of feeling guilty unless I justified everything I did in terms of self-interest, a blindness to the destructive role of the large corporations in modern society, and a lack of understanding regarding the nature and effect of socioeconomic classes. Since about 1972 my thinking has taken a distinctly Marxian turn in those three areas.

Late in 1966 Cara and I made another "Christmas visit," this time by automobile, to Pennsylvania in order to spend a couple of weeks with her folks. As we crossed through the Midwest, the first sensational news of Jim Garrison's New Orleans investigation of the John Kennedy assassination hit the newspapers and television screens.

I smelled trouble from the start. In the first place, Garrison was echoing Barbara Reid exactly in saying that the conspiracy was "New Orleans based." Part of Barbara's original November 1963 rap dealt with some men Garrison had arrested regarding the JFK murder shortly after it happened and then later released. The French Quarter is a socially incestuous place and it would have been no problem at all for Barbara to get Garrison's ear during his off hours.

While I now believed the Presidential assassination was not the work of a lone rifleman, the notion of a New Orleans based conspiracy seemed utterly nonsensical to me. In those days when people used to ask me who I thought murdered John Kennedy, in the sense of being behind the operation, I used to say that I didn't want to mention any names, but that his initials were LBJ.

This theory was based primarily on things David Lifton had told me at one point or another during our discussions when I was working at Glen Towers. At one point Lifton held the theory that Fred Korth had engineered the JFK murder in exchange for a political favor from Johnson and that it had consisted exclusively of high level Pentagon officials and expendable hit men in commando camouflage on the Grassy Knoll.

To me, that was the most logical hypothesis, and my free enterprise political background predisposed me to reject, at first, suggestions that others, such as Texas oilmen, might also have played a role -- a prejudice which was, however, already beginning to erode by the time of Garrison's early charges.

As for Roselli's theory that it was the CIA, I considered Roselli a likable old guy, but certainly no authority on political assassinations or the Central Intelligence Agency.

Another thing that predisposed me to think it was Johnson was Lifton's story of confronting Warren Commission lawyer Wes Leibler very much as he had bombarded me. Lifton's effects on Leibler were apparently less permanent than they were on me, but Lifton reported to me that Leibler found Lifton rather convincing and that he said at one point, "Well, if it was a conspiracy, you know that our former Vice President must have been involved." I felt Leibler, if anyone, ought to be in a position to judge.

So my immediate reaction to the early news about Garrison's investigation, especially since it had been admittedly undertaken at Senator Russell Long's suggestion, was that Johnson had commissioned Long to somehow make it worth Jim Garrison's while to undertake a second cover-up, in order to silence critics of the Warren Commission.

~~I told Cara that I was sure Garrison would sooner or later frame me, simply because circumstances -- the novel on Oswald, my travel pattern that summer -- had left me in so vulnerable a predicament, and that would be a perfect way to keep the heat off the real assassins while giving the left the conspiracy it wanted.~~

Cara told me I was just being paranoid and over-estimating my own importance.

After we got to Pennsylvania, we were watching the news one night with Cara's family and it was announced that Garrison believed that Fidel Castro had sent "nine assassination teams" into the U.S. to kill JFK. This was a false leak, but I did not learn that until * many months afterwards. My immediate reaction was to conclude that Garrison thought the American people were stupid, if he expected them to buy that one, and to decide that his investigation was not going to be much of a threat to me after all.

I want to pause now and insert some corrections and additions to my earlier material.

The date at this writing is 1 February 1976. I have been working on this affidavit draft for about three months. During that time I have uncovered some additional memories, etc.

On 8 January 1976 I wrote an "Introductory Note to Affidavit" which I would like to have considered as part of the document.

In reference to the first page, I am no longer a student assistant at Georgia State; I am now earning my living primarily as an artists model.

Regarding page 6: I am not sure that the "Where Have All the Flowers Gone" incident was an early memory; whenever it took place, that particular song was probably among the top ten or so in the nation. It also seems to me that we may have returned to that same drug store again that evening and that, once more, Gary might have excused himself to go on a "little errand." This could have been the same day as the abortion-pill incident or it could even have been the day we talked about assassinating Kennedy. One possibility is that Gary borrowed a small tape recorder from Guy Bannister, taped our discussions of the day, and then returned it to him that evening. I am very unsure of this business of the two visits, but it seems to ring a bell.

Regarding page 11 and also page 13: I now believe that the discussion regarding killing President Kennedy took place two weeks previous to the assassination, and that it was indeed "sanitized" by Slim who, a few days after it happened, told me in good-natured anger, that the discussion had been the result of a bet, and that I had cost him ten dollars because he had bet Gary that I would not want to kill JFK. I am far from absolutely certain of this. I seem to have some memories of exchanging the relevant words with Slim, but I have no visual imagery to go with them. It seems to me that immediately after the assassination, which is to say anywhere between a few hours and a day, I ran into Slim and commented that it was certainly a weird co-incidence that Gary and I had been discussing killing JFK just three weeks ago, and I seem to recall Slim correcting me and saying it was two weeks ago. Again, this material is extremely vague in my mind, but it keeps nagging me as a distinct possibility, so I thought I had better include it. Over the past few weeks it has seemed increasingly more possible, but my feelings of certainty on this score did not make themselves felt until I woke up one morning after a full night's worth of dreams about Gary and Slim, so on an intellectual level I tend to distrust my subjective feelings of certainty.

*Or so Garrison claimed; I believe that in 1968 Billings told me it was actually one of Garrison's early notions.

I also wish to add, regarding page 11, that I opposed Gary's idea of "getting" Martin Luther King next. Gary and I disagreed about King as much as we agreed about JFK, and it always seemed to amuse him to bait me on this subject. I believe I said, "What do you want to get Martin Luther King for?" in an irritated tone of voice, and I think Gary just laughed. Both the assassination suggestions at the top of page 12 therefore refer to Kennedy, not King.

Regarding page 18: In 1964 Slim was living on Esplanade, right next to the Quorum coffee house; my next visit to New Orleans after that was in 1965, not 1966 (I got our two trips to Pennsylvania mixed up) and in 1965 Slim was, I think, living on Chartres or possibly Royal, not yet on Decatur.

Regarding page 28: the exact location of the Freedom School was in Larkspur, Colorado, and it has since changed its name to Ramparts College and is now located in Santa Ana, California.

I have also remembered recently that once Gary told me that in order to take over the government you had to build an organization that was "neither fish nor fowl" -- that defied ordinary categories of classification so that it would have low visibility. To me, who wanted to build a mass-supported grass-roots revolutionary free enterprise movement and march on Washington, this seemed like a rather bizarre and unattractive suggestion. Also, I cannot seem to recall what was the "fish" and what was the "fowl" in this case, but it seems to me that the organization which assassinated JFK, according to most recent literature on the subject, was indeed neither fish nor fowl with regard to organized crime and the intelligence community.

Shortly after the assassination I received a letter from Marguerite Oswald requesting a copy of The Idle Warriors, and giving the impression she thought it had been published. I did not answer it because it struck me as a very bizarre and deranged little note at the time, and I had enough other troubles on my mind. Clint Bolton asked me if he could have the letter, and I gave it to him.

It has since struck me that Clint may have passed the letter on to Bannister or someone, who may have passed it on to Kirstein, who may have answered it in my name, with either the Olympia typewriter or the "controversial" typewriter which Clint loaned me in the autumn of 1963. I seem to recall Garrison questioning me with great suspicion regarding the letter I received from Mrs. Oswald and how I disposed of it.

Just a possibility, but one which ought to be easy to check out via Mrs. Oswald.

In 1966 I was associated with a Texan named Bill Manning, Jr., who had contacted me through Innovator with a scheme to build a libertarian utopia in the San Blas islands of Panama. Manning turned out to be quite a rip-off artist and finally left L.A. bouncing checks in all directions. I doubt if he was connected with the assassins, but it is a possibility that recently crossed my mind. It might be worth a check to see if he was associated with Hosty.

Getting back to a few more items on Kirstein before returning to my attempt at a chronological narrative, somehow I neglected to mention that Gary used to say that when he watched gangster movies as a kid he used always to identify with the "brains" of the gang, the guy who masterminded the robbery. For some reason he considered this very significant information, because he brought it up more than once, possibly several times.

Also, on about the same level of certainty that I now place the assassination discussion at two weeks before the event itself, I also feel rather strongly that Gary went to work for Comforto after leaving Busch and, in fact, left the job at Busch because he got the position with Comforto. Moreover, I think Slim told me that Gary was working for Comforto as a "bouncer" in one of his clubs. Normally I have excluded from this statement vague memories of verbal exchanges until or unless I can bring to mind visual imagery to go with them. (For example, the reason I became certain finally that Gary mentioned bringing Jimmy Hoffa into the assassination was because I recalled that as he said this he was slumped down on the sofa in a very relaxed position.) I can't seem to call up any visual imagery regarding the information on Comforto immediately above, nor on the data concerning the time of the assassination discussion, but I nevertheless seem to have feelings of increasing certainty regarding these matters. So, I offer them for what they are worth, which might not be much.

Ironically, in light of his associations both with Marcello and Comforto, incidentally, Gary held Italians in enormous contempt, considering them "an inferior race" and holding them much to blame for Hitler's losing the war, saying that they were "clowns."

In this connection it strikes me as something which would have been typical of Gary's sense of humor, as well as his obsession with WWII, to plan the assassination in such a way that a German Mauser would be used as the actual murder weapon, and then that its notoriously unreliable Italian counterpart would be substituted for it on the scene of the crime -- which is what some Warren Report critics believe to have happened.

Returning to the story where I left off at the end of the first paragraph of page 39 -- my reason for forgetting about Garrison for a long while after the first revelations were made concerned what I believed to be his story that it was the work of Fidel Castro. I dismissed this notion on the grounds that had it been Castro, then several high-level officials on the Dallas police force would had to have been crypto-Communists of some kind, which still seems highly unlikely to me. The 26 volumes leave many reasons for believing the Dallas police were involved in the cover-up.

Indeed, a cover-up could hardly have taken place without their extensive cooperation.

~~I had reacted to the death of Ferrie by wondering if Garrison had killed him in order to enhance his own credibility -- that is how suspicious I was of Garrison!~~ The main thing I remember noticing about the arrest of Clay Shaw was the way Garrison's men seized all his personal possessions and paraded those whips and those chains through the street.

This was extremely relevant to my way of thinking because at that time we were active in a sexually swinging psychedelic tribe, first known as Southern California Kerista, and then as The Gentle Folk. This group included people from different places in society -- economically there was a \$40,000 a year executive on one end of the spectrum and me, a \$50 a week pornographer, on the other. An investigation of my sex life -- and none of us were into whips and chains, incidentally, but we were having beautiful weekend orgies -- would not only have given several of our older relatives strokes, probably, but it would have violated the private lives of others in the tribe. The contemporary wisdom on sexuality was still very dim in those days, compared to what it is now fast becoming.

But as I say, my interest in Garrison began flickering out at a rapid rate soon after the initial go-arounds.

There is something which I did probably in the summer of 1966, possibly in 1967, early, of which I am and have for years been very much ashamed.

Cara and I went to pick up the Innovator mail at the Palms Post Office, one day, and then around the corner to the restaurant, where two hip men and a hip woman hailed us as "brothers" -- sort of out of nowhere -- and told us immediately that they were anarchists.

We said so were we and went in and had breakfast together.

One of these guys was named Jonothan Leake and he was the "theoretician" for Resurgence Youth Movement, which Murray Rothbard had told me was into organizing motorcycle gangs for revolutionary street fighting. That had seemed okay to me on first hearing it put that way.

As Leake and I got into a debate about violence I objected to something on the grounds that it involved torture. Leake replied, "Torture is beautiful!"

Shit, I was afraid to disagree.

They told us they had a trunk full of propaganda they needed to stash and asked us if we would take it home and keep it till they came by for it that afternoon. I said okay and we took it.

At this time we were living at 909 West 77th Street. When we got home -- or when I got home, rather, for I must have dropped Cara off at the Soaring Society where she then worked -- I sat on the front porch and read it.

It did not look like anything which I then classified as anarchist literature. It looked to me like a crude imitation by someone who believed anarchy meant violence and chaos. It seemed to be a vicious parody on anarchist thought.

Now at this time I was plagued off and on by the possibility that somewhere among my acquaintances there might possibly be one or two of the real John Kennedy assassins, but my suspect list did not go much beyond Barbara Reid, sometimes Carlos Castillo, because I did not want to feel that I was a paranoid.

In any case, I was damned sure that whether or not I unknowingly knew the assassins, they certainly knew about me, for if anyone read the Warren Report they must have, perhaps they were the first to read it.

So I think I probably went in the house and smoked another joint or two, and brooded over the Resurgence literature. It advocated putting LSD in the water supply, ripping apart hip middle-class night clubs -- the kind my younger brothers then were frequenting on the Sunset Strip -- and beating up the clientele, and portrayed the Amsterdam Provos, one of my favorite anarchist groups, as a bunch of thugs.

I got up and went into the kitchen. Looking out the window I noticed there was a phone man up on the telephone pole in the back alley.

Panic seized me at this point. I decided he was installing a tap and that the police were getting ready to bust me for grass, or at least on that pretext, and then confiscate the stash of Resurgence literature, and publicize it in the newspapers as my ideology.

Now this terrified me because it took away the only silver lining my black cloud of assassination paranoia ever had. I at least figured it would result in publicity for my libertarian/anarchist ideas.

One does not have to be an anarchist for long in order to acquire the deep sense of frustration, shared by all anarchist I have ever met, over the difficulty of getting anarchist concepts into the realm of public discussion. Neither elementary schools nor secondary schools nor even universities acquaint students first-hand with the writings of the anarchists. Of the popular anthologies which exist, about half are misrepresentative and most contain introductions written by statisticians who either themselves do not understand, or do not want their readers to understand.

In the United States of America -- and in most of the rest of the world -- about the only way an anarchist can get anyone to pay serious attention to anarchist ideas even in passing is by getting framed for some sensational crime. That is why in this country, for example, the word "anarchist" is almost synonymous with the Haymarket martyrs, Joe Hill, Sacco and Vanzetti.

So I decided Leake was probably a Fed who was setting me up for a bust that would misrepresent my anarchist ideas, in order to deprive these of their potency before the public, after which I could be kicked around for attacking the Warren Commission with impunity. I saw only one method of preventing this at the time. I took one sample each of everything Leake left with me, got in the car, drove down to the FBI office and, cleverly (so I thought), told them I wanted to alert them to a subversive group.

I rationalized that if Leake and associates really were anarchists, they were still almost as mean and evil as the FBI itself, so it would just be "one reptile devouring the other."

As soon as I found myself sitting across the table from a young and clean-cut FBI agent -- who did not even crack a smile when I introduced myself by saying my FBI file was over an inch thick (having seen it in the room where I corrected my Warren Commission transcript) -- I realized I was making an enormous mistake, but I went through with it, laying the literature on him, telling him about Leake, and then departing for home. (By the way -- a very long time has elapsed since Clarence Kelley promised to send me my FBI file, over his signature, "at the earliest possible date" in response to my FOIA request. His letter, which certainly must constitute a contract of some kind, is dated 11 September 1975. I have so far not received it.)

After I got home Leake called and asked me what I thought of the literature. I lied, told him I had only a few minor points to pick, and invited him to come by and talk about it, and pick it up. He said that might not be possible, that he and his comrades has been picked up by the police and had a very weird experience. I felt about as high as my FBI file was thick.

As the years have gone by I've felt more and more rotten about this bit of finkery, because I have come more and more to realize that such literature as Leake possessed could easily simply have been written by some other anarchist -- one who was feeling the same frustration I was, only maybe for a couple of decades instead of a couple of years, and had decided in desperation to draw attention to anarchist ideas by means of shock, and who was also expressing some anger about the virtual blackout on anarchist thought in the media.

Something which was not relevant to the Kennedy assassination then, but which has become very relevant to it recently, is my relationship with Robert Anton Wilson, because this now seems to be affecting my credibility as a witness.

It was during the period Cara and I lived on West 77th that Wilson and I began corresponding. He was then working as an associate editor of Playboy and Innovator put out an issue called "Postmen Against the State," which dealt with all the nongovernmental postal systems that have functioned here and there from time to time much more efficiently than government postal systems. "The Playboy Forum" in those days was carrying a lot of complaints from readers about post office snooping, so I persuaded the publisher of Innovator to send a copy of the issue to everyone at Playboy.

One of the postal systems we discussed was the American Letter Mail Company which was operated in New England by the individualist anarchist, Lysander Spooner -- offering cheaper postage than the U.S. Post Office, giving more deliveries a day, and making a profit besides. Congress finally made it illegal to deliver a first class letter for profit in order to put Spooner out of business.

Robert Anton Wilson wrote us saying that since we were interested

in Spooner's post office, perhaps we would enjoy an enclosed tract on his economic ideas.

So began a correspondence which has been one of the longest, most intense, most stimulating, rewarding, enriching, enlightening, sometimes scary -- and certainly the most unusual -- of my entire life. I will return to it, from time to time, as it becomes relevant, later on in my story.

The spring of 1967 brought with it the Easter Love-In in Griffith Park, and the subsequent Griffith Park Human Be-Ins or Love-Ins. I regard these as the most important historic events with which I have been associated. They showed many thousands of us that the idea of a New Age was a real possibility, not just a pretty dream.

While I remained a free enterprise libertarian in my economics, the whole question of economics subsided in importance for me in order to make room in my consciousness for the other ideas that were flooding the cultural atmosphere of that time and place. I was absorbing philosophical influences faster than I could integrate them. All at once I was an SDS-style New Leftist, a student of Zen, a Provoitarian anarchist, an Aldous Huxley, Alan Watts, and Radio Free Oz (KFEK) freak, a General Semanticist, a Timothy Leary fan, an admirer of Gary Snyder, and a Taoist, etc. I felt that at some future time I could drop out and mull over all this input and evolve from it a more consistent personal credo.

There was a song by the Buffalo Springfield which was popular in those days which contained the line: "Paranoia strikes deep, into your life it will creep." And that's pretty much how the Garrison Probe entered my life, at a slow creep, as one trend among many.

At some point I learned that Garrison was not accusing Castro -- either from David Lifton, or from the Mort Sahl show, or from the Los Angeles Free Press. That was vaguely disturbing to me and revived my fears of a second cover-up that would really be credible, but there were far too many positive things occupying my attention for me to spare very much of it worrying about Jim Garrison.

Then one day I got a letter from Clint Bolton in which he mentioned in passing that Garrison was "fanning out in all directions" and expressed surprise that I had not been dragged into it. Then he said that on second thought I was much too sane, that everyone involved in the thing so far was a raving lunatic.

Also, one day Lifton called me and expressed the opinion that I knew some things which would interest Garrison. I had a number of reasons by that time for distrusting Garrison as a person -- bits of French Quarter gossip, some of which later turned out not to be true -- and I expressed these to David, I think, without going into my theory of a second cover-up, feeling he would think me paranoid.

So it went.

Other negative elements began to enter my psychedelic utopia. Every few days there would be a photograph on the front page of the newspaper of a mutilated or burned Vietnamese child. I was already vigorously opposed to the war -- and had even been going around with Lumberman's chalk writing "Victory to the Viet Cong" on sidewalks, as well as "The American Eagle Pisses Napalm" -- but these photos hit me on some deeper level than my resistance to the war. They starkly brought home to me how fragile was the little bubble of bliss in which my own life was enclosed. Robert Ingersoll used to ask fundamentalist Christians how they could be happy in Heaven, knowing that most of the rest of us would be down there suffering the torments of eternal Hell -- and I began asking myself the same question.

I think it was in June that a peaceful procession of anti-war demonstrators, picketing Lyndon Johnson's visit to Century City in L.A., were attacked ruthlessly and without provocation by the police. Both children and cripples, among others, were struck with clubs and at least one person was reported to have suffered serious brain damage. We called it Black Friday. As it turned out, the hip/pacifist culture was growing so fast -- probably as a direct result of the Love-Ins -- that a number of very prominent citizens who also happened to look like hippies were in this crowd, and were victims of police brutality. Since the L.A. Times had initially defended the police, heads rolled at the Times and an enormous public outcry ensued. What disturbed me was that the news of this event, except for two or three short lines in Newsweek, did not get out of Los Angeles as far as I could tell. Cara went back to Pennsylvania a week or so later and found that when she mentioned the Black Friday incident, nobody knew what she was talking about.

I decided the time had come for me to think about dropping out into the country somewhere, for in addition to the other considerations I also foresaw serious economic troubles ahead in the U.S. -- the kind we have had in the past couple of years -- which I expected to begin much sooner than they did. In addition even to that, I also worried about a premature revolution spurred by the "youth movement" image the mass media were foisting on the psychedelic subculture, or a fascist reaction which would indefinitely forestall any revolution at all; and two clap epidemics had hit the Gentle Folk, and ~~some~~ jealousy trips began shattering the unity of the group.

Finally, I did not want Jim Garrison investigating the sex lives of my friends.

Off and on during the summer of 1967 I dealt with these negative matters and off and on I went to the library and researched drop out plans or drove around the outskirts of Los Angeles looking for a rural environment where shelter was available for rent, cheaply.

Meanwhile, I felt a growing need to integrate my ideas in the direction of some kind of anarchistic economic pluralism, with a strategy based on the principles of Chinese Taoism, incorporating the left anarchist concept of revolution which most right anarchists reject in favor of social pessimism, and somehow finding a method of guaranteeing that the revolution was not strangled in its own name by whatever elitist groups were involved in the transition from centralized coercive authority to decentralized participatory autonomy. I had no concrete grasp on how to do this, but I decided to call the resulting gestalt, whenever it finally came to me, Zenarchy. Somewhere along in there I also decided that my nom de guerre in such efforts would be Ho Chi Zen, as a gesture of respect to Ho Chi Minh, and also for Zen Buddhism, the study of which had enormously stimulated my political creativity.

By early autumn Cara and I had solidified our plans to drop out. Few of our friends knew about this, because I knew that if I told them they would simply talk me out of it, as they had already on a couple of occasions that summer, and I guess Cara felt pretty much the same way.

Unable to find anything around Los Angeles that was for rent cheap, and in those days having a strong preference for warm weather, we decided we would sell our VW and I would use the money to fly to Florida and find us a place to live there. I had heard that Florida was "square" and so decided to shave off my beard and get a haircut before departure.

One day when all this was going on David Lifton called up. When I informed me of our plans he got very upset and said that before we left he wanted to get a couple of signed statements from me regarding various things I had told him regarding Oswald and also Atsugi. The great stress of his wording in this request was that he wanted the material for a book on the assassination he was writing, but he mentioned also that he wanted to give copies to Jim Garrison -- and I could see no way of turning down such a request without incurring Lifton's suspicion, since he was very enamored at that time with Garrison and utterly pooh-poohed my reservations.

Lifton said it would only take an hour, that he would come over to the house, and that all I would have to do would be to sign the statements in the presence of a notary, since he would even write them, checking with me to make sure of details as he did so.

It so happened that someone had recently given me an ounce or so of grass and I was busily engaged in smoking it up that day, but I told Lifton to come on over.

Well, it did not take an hour. It took all day. The work consisted only of three brief statements -- on the man who used to speak Russian in the ranks with Oswald and how Jenner told me this man was named Heindel, on the Russian lessons available through special services at Atsugi, and on the presence of the U-2 spy plane at Atsugi. However, Lifton and I spent considerable

time arguing about the wording. Lifton used to take a very high pressure approach and he kept wanting me to word things so strongly that it amounted to what I felt was exaggeration. At one point in the Heindel statement he wanted to say I had recalled something in a vivid flash, whereas I wanted to emphasize that the memory had been reconstructed gradually on the basis of something Albert Jenner had told me off the record. We wound up compromising by putting in one sentence which said it David's way, followed by a sentence which said it my way -- and I was so lost in the forest of writing and rewriting and arguing by then that I didn't note that this made for what an attorney would call "a discrepancy."

Interestingly enough, David was then quite enthusiastic about a theory of his that I had been set up previous to the assassination as an alternate patsy. At the time, that did not seem very likely to me.

I also mentioned to David that Garrison might want to check into the airline crash involving Dallas officials which took place near New Orleans around the time of the assassination, since that seemed to me about the most solid of Barbara's conspiracy suspicions. And I hoped that Garrison, if he was sincere, would tie into something solid before he started looking at the coincidences surrounding me.

I flew to Florida as planned and wound up finding us an inexpensive place on a farm in the Palm River district on the outskirts of Tampa. My long-range plan was to learn to live off the land in Florida and eventually save up enough to buy or build a small houseboat in order to live a free and independent life among the Florida coastal islands during the drop out periods of my life. (I had a philosophy combining Toynbee, the Buddha, and Leary about periodically withdrawing from and extending into social activity in order to avoid getting "burned out," as they say now, or apathetic.)

Unfortunately we had an extremely hard time getting economically established, mainly because I had been successfully freelance writing for about a year or more, and suddenly had a run of bad luck marketing my material.

Shortly after the move, Lifton sent me a wire to call him, and so I did. He had just met with Jim Garrison and was now totally convinced that my view of him was mistaken, and David insisted that I meet with Garrison and judge the man for myself. He further said that Garrison was willing to meet with me on my terms, and that he would contact me under an assumed name -- the initials of which would be F.M. -- in a few days.

Soon thereafter I got a telegram from a Frank Marshall in New Orleans, asking me to call him at 822-2414 and suggesting I use the name "Winston Smith" when calling. (If Garrison really was being monitored by Federal snoops that seemed like a crackpot idea to me, and I moreover suspected it was just a ploy to impress me, not to fool the Feds.)

I looked up the phone number of the DA's office via New Orleans telephone information and found it to be the same as the number on the telegram. I then called up Garrison's office, said my name was Kerry Thornley, and that I wanted to speak to Frank Marshall (feeling that if Garrison wanted to use an assumed name, I'd respect his wishes). A man came on the line who I assumed was Garrison, but who said his name was Frank Maloch, not Frank Marshall. (Later, I learned there was an investigator named Maloch working for the DA.) Maloch and I had a conversation which resulted in total misunderstanding for both of us.

Soon, I got another telegram, similar to the last one, except signed "Jim Garrison, District Attorney."

I wrote Garrison the following note and mailed it to him:

24 October 1967

Dear Mr. Garrison:

As a personal favor to Mr. Lifton I spent a whole day with him preparing that damned affidavit. It says everything I know about the subject. I regret that I bothered.

When I said I would speak to you ON MY TERMS, as you had apparently offered to do through Mr. Lifton, I meant it. And since you chose, when I called you the first time, not to deal on those terms, to hell with it.

I have no interest to speak of in this matter and from now on intend to keep out of it, as actions on my part can only in my view stimulate the state to violate the rights of others who for all I know may be innocent. "It is far better to reward the guilty than to punish the innocent," said Robert Ingersoll, and every time you subpoena an innocent individual you punish him to the extent that you have violated his precious and unalienable right to liberty.

But what you do is your business, sir, and you are welcome to it.

Sincerely,
Kerry Thornley

That was the final communication I had with Garrison in 1967. I believe that by the time I wrote the above note I had learned from Lifton that Garrison has subpoenaed Heindel and given him a rough time. (Also, a few people have commented on my use of the word "unalienable" instead of "inalienable" as odd; anyone who will take the trouble to read the Declaration of Independence will find that it uses the word "unalienable." It also says we have the right to alter or abolish our government!)

I have been sharing information on the murder of John F. Kennedy a very long time now. So far I've gained no specific assurances that my speculations and investigative suggestions have checked out. Nor do I know anything about the welfare of various important witnesses to my charges, especially Jessica Luck. Before getting into my experiences with Garrison I would like to have some feedback in these areas. That way I will know which portions of my bewildering array of experience with the Garrison investigation are relevant enough to deserve detailed treatment.

** END OF PART ONE **

I hereby swear and affirm under penalty of perjury that all of
the foregoing is true and accurate to the best of my knowledge.


Kerry Thornley

Signed before me on the
16th day of February, 1976

J. Elaine Murphy

Notary Public for the State of California
My Comm. Expires June 24, 1977

Thornley's Garbage

Introductory Note to Affidavit

In July of 1975 I learned that a young prisoner named Robert Byron Watson, who claims that he was framed because of his knowledge regarding the assassinations of Martin Luther King and John F. Kennedy, was accusing individuals he claims are connected with Louisiana mobster Carlos Marcello -- both of participation in the assassinations and of his own frame-up. Shortly thereafter I also learned from the newspapers that one of these alleged assassins had reputedly mentioned framing a "jailbird" for the assassination of King.

Those two pieces of information cleared up the remaining doubts in my own mind concerning which individuals I had known in New Orleans in the early sixties were in fact responsible for my own apparent involvement in the murder of John F. Kennedy, and for my subsequent frame-up in the investigation of that murder conducted by New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison in the late sixties.

Totally freaked out that I had just solved the murder mystery of the century, and almost certain that I would not live to give testimony in any up-and-coming investigations of that crime, I prepared some written statements and made a tape recording for Atlanta Public Safety Commissioner Eaves, who was then actively investigating Watson's allegations. I did so hastily, leaving out important contextual details, including only what information I could remember clearly right off the top of my head, and using a style which -- reflecting my hysterical state of mind -- was paranoid in the extreme.

During the half-year which has passed since then I have searched my mind day and night, demanding of myself full and complete attention to all relevant details or details which might have possible relevance, forcing myself to examine honestly things I have said and done which do not reflect credit upon me (to say the least), and requiring myself to dig up numerous long-forgotten and in some cases long-repressed memories.

This affidavit is the result. It is far more accurate in very many important respects than the information I gave to Commissioner Eaves in late July of 1975. It is considerably more accurate than the documents I have put together since then and, moreover, it is the first chronological, contextually complete, detailed, and therefore reasonably coherent single document I have composed on the subject of my relationship with Gary Kirstein and Slim Brooks. D

There is no reasonable doubt in my mind as to its essential correctness, in so far as my conclusions concerning the involvement (in the assassination) of Kirstein and Brooks go. I am least sure regarding minor matters of chronology, and most sure regarding the main thrust of the verbal exchanges which I herein report.

I am more than willing to make tapes for PSE examination, take polygraph tests, deliver testimony under oath, and cooperate as much as I can to insure that these charges are thoroughly investigated.

Kerry Wendell Thornley
Box 827, Atlanta, GA 30301
8 January 1976

Note: I realize this draft of the affidavit contains many typographical errors and some mistakes in grammar. I feel the urgency of getting the information out takes priority over perfect form, however, at this time.

Re: KERRY THORNLEY

(His ^{letter to PHILIP BOATRIGHT,}
3732 HARMONY ST., OMAHA 68131)

To: SCIAMBRA
then to ARCHIVES

7/22/63 -
Whittier
Calif.

Thornley, from Boatright correspondence.

8/1/63 - In Whittier, Calif.

8/4/63 - Ditto. "Bud Simco, the Number-one man on the dedication page of The Idle Warriors, found certain parts of it very much to his taste while not pretending to understand the whole. Especially proclaimed the comic peevishness, a faintly mad searching of pockets passage an excellent communication."

"...Interior Dialogue, a notebook I keep..."

On page two he says, "I am working as never before", including up to 10 hours sleep, and "I've averaged a page a day on a new version of The Idle Warriors ... Oh, yes, I started The Idle Warriors on April Fools Day--so it's almost 1/3 finished by now." Hardly a rapid pace, particularly for revision.

"Shortly after you left the Quarter, I Reckon back, I beat the hell-fire-shit out of Millie one fine-morning when she got bitchy. A number of things followed: (1) after two days of semi-repentant uncertainty, I was overwhelmed by a sense of total relief (sic); (2) I spent the next few weeks reading Alan Watts, laying around various bars, drinking, trying to make Vic's newest girl friend, Joan, extending friendly hands to Mim, Loy, and Lene; trying to make Judy (Moe's daughter; I don't think you know her); having a casual affair with a little girl from North Carolina; dating Jessies; and drifting from one party to another with a seldom-opened notebook in my hand. In the midst of this, I got in a fist fight with Henry Avery -- Millie's latest & brief friend of the moment -- in which I was able to severely gouge an eye, sprain my opponent's finger, and emerge with only a slight wound on the left forehead (the gouged eye his). He left me with Herman at his side, explaining that gentlemen do not settle things in such a barbaric manner, and him (Henry) shouting threats to get a gun and come after me. So I decided to kill him, since he'd initiated the first blow. I went back to the B'House, where the fight started, and tried to figure out whether to use a lead pipe or a knife. Vic finally talked me out of it. So, being now a woman-beater, a street-brawler, and a militant do-nothing -- I was hero of the Quarter. Al Thompson bought me a beer, once, even. Judy Thompson congratulated me on beating up Millie and both agreed I had the makings of a fine writer. Every time I entered the B'House, which became home to me more than ever, it was with a different young lady on my arm than I last went out with. And each time, the various table groups tried to outbid each other for my company... lasted almost a week... I came away richer in friends and more tolerant of the French Quarter way to Western civilization. Even Francisco and I had a couple of bartop discussions and exchanged drink-buying honors. And that, Phil, is how the Quarter got in my blood... upon major publication I may or may not return to school. I just want to spend the major portion of the rest of my life on the banks of the Mississippi, writing at least a page a day, and sailing the trade winds that cross ~~xxx~~ in the B'House... Al Thompson coached me on my writing, and I admit, his advice was worth taking... spend a couple of afternoons a week in class at his place or the local saloon..." This, as I see it, is a remarkable self-revelation and contains a number of leads. The letter closes, "Peace, but not ~~xxxxxxx~~ at the price of surrender..."

Not: I believe Harold...
this + passed it over...
JH

8/31/63. Postcard from Mexico City.

→ 10/3/63. A brief letter announcing his return and "Vic is working in the Outrigger at the Sheraton. Jerry Jennings is sitting here playing word games with Millie's daughter. Dick Hoffman is sitting at the bar, ~~xxxx~~ talking to Pat. Nothing has changed..." Now this is long after the Hoffman breakup and it indicates both may have known Kerry. This letter concludes, with the feigned

hand-lettering of a child reading, "My Name is Valerie. I AM in Grade 2 its late abd my eyes ARE Tired. Can I Go and Sleep With You? About the author: Valeria Storm Fletcher is 8¹/₂. This is the first creative thing to come out of the B'House in 24 hours."

7/22/63. This is written, rather than printed. It announces his projected return (via Mexico) in September. It concludes "Viva Picaro!" It has a slight poem on the back,

1/23/64, from ³¹ 42³⁴⁹ S.W. 31 St, Apt 2, Salington: "I think the Warren Board will inquisit me soon on the assassination. I was a corps friend of Oswald's. If they really ~~xxxxxx~~ get power to suspend the 5th Amend., I think I'll refuse to testify- punishment or no - out of sheer outrage."

IN By that date no single hearing had been held. There is nothing in any of the files to even indicate there was or had been any intention of calling him as a witness or to "inquisit". The cause of his "outrage" is not clear, but the inference I draw is that anyone would think of trying to punish whoever murdered the President. How strange it is that of all the places he could go to be a doorman, he picked the back yard of the thing he pretended to dislike, the government.

2/14/64-This is the only letter dated internally to this point, and it uses the military day first. It is a curt response to a request for the return of a written proposal for the sale of a poem (dated 2/10) He says he threw it in the trash, because "I don't collect anything very ardently -- not even Objectivist Newsletters. No point in it, the way I figure: Let my grandchildren fend for themselves".

5/18/64, postmarked Washington, a copy of Volume 1. No. 3 of "Liberal Innovator" He signed his contribution, "The Battle Of Madison Avenue". It is amazingly reactionary while pretending to be "liberal"-uses that word, despite his Warren Commission testimony

2/8/64 (This one has no envelope) "...I had a bit of luck with The Idle Warriors, which I now rewrite, as it was based on a Marine Corps Buddy of mine who really happens to have been Lee Harvey Oswald. Or did I tell you? Anyway, then and now, it's about a Marine who becomes disillusioned and goes to Russia. Tom ~~SMASHX~~ Sancton sent the final chapter of the old draft to his publisher with a covering letter. So far no word. Meanwhile, I'm redoing it with more unity and more philosophical - political- culteral - demnation. The whole thing was very interesting for a while, the assassination, because -- on the surface -- there was good reason for the unenlightened SS and FBI to suspect I might've had a hand in it. We had some polite conversations and finally, I guess, I was cleared. No word from them lately. I hope, though, my move to this area scared the piss out of 'em. Whether or not I'll be asked to put my 2¢ in at the Warren Hearing, I don't know. Or care. When it is all over, though, I may yet go piss on JFK's grave, RIP. Check the ~~xxxxxx~~ next Sat. Eve. Post, if you're interested. I got a note from them that my letter to the editors -- A sarcastic comment on Arthur Miller's new play -- 'is tabbed for possible publication'...Nothing else... excepting a letter from New York -- From Jessica -- asking me to come and live with her, but proposing that we not have sexual relations. My reply was only slightly more cutting than my usual nasty remarks...Ho he ha ho!..."

Unless one of these letters has a reference to "Moonlight", one of the series is missing.

The change in attitude to the Commission and its work is interesting, as is the heroic about being suspect. There is nothing in the available record to substantiate it, but were there grounds, this would be even more interesting.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Commission No. 179

Copy to:

Report of: SA LEONARD F. JOHNSON Office: NEW HAVEN
Date: December 14, 1963
Field Office File No.: 100-18158 Bureau File No.: 105-82555
Title: LEE HARVEY OSWALD

Character: INTERNAL SECURITY - R

Synopsis:

check out KT

JAMES A. SPENCER, Wallingford, Conn. unemployed car salesman, formerly employed February to August, 1961 at Dumas and Milnes Chevrolet Co., New Orleans, Louisiana, advised individual who identified self as LEE OSWALD with address Magazine St. attempted to purchase a car through him at above concern on unrecalled date. He states this OSWALD impressed him as a "character" and had spoken favorably of Cuba and appeared to have been very enthusiastic about CASTRO. He could not recall this individual as having mentioned having any connection with the Fair Play for Cuba Committee or with any other group or organization.

-RUC-

DETAILS:

Date December 14, 1963

JAMES A. SPENCER, 68 South Elm Street, Wallingford, Connecticut, an automobile salesman by occupation, presently unemployed, advised of the following information:

SPENCER is married, has five children, and resides with his wife, JOAN P. SPENCER, and his children at the above Connecticut address. From early in February, 1961 to the end of August, 1961, he resided at the Parkchester Apartments on Duplessis Street, New Orleans, Louisiana. His family had resided with him at that address, however, his wife and children came to Wallingford, Connecticut in July of 1961 and he followed them to Connecticut in September, 1961.

During the same period, February to August, 1961, SPENCER was employed as an automobile salesman by the Dumas and Milnes Chevrolet Company, 4049 South Carrolton Street, at the corner of Tulane Avenue in New Orleans.

Shortly after the assassination of President KENNEDY, he observed a photograph of LEE HARVEY OSWALD on television. He immediately felt that he had seen OSWALD somewhere but, at the time, he could not recall the place or the circumstances, and the name LEE HARVEY OSWALD did not mean anything to him at the time.

A few days ago, while looking through his billfold, he found a business card, which he had used while employed as salesman by the Dumas and Milnes Company in New Orleans. On the back of the card was a notation in his (SPENCER's) handwriting, "LEE OSWALD Magazine St". SPENCER stated that finding this card had refreshed his recollection and he now recalls that, while he was employed at the Dumas and Milnes Company in New Orleans, an individual came to the car lot and seemed to be quite interested in a particular car. He does not recall the particular car this individual was interested in, but believes it was similar to his own car, which is a 1958 Chevrolet. He does not recall when it was that this individual came to the car lot but stated the same individual returned a second time. He dealt with this individual on both occasions but he does not know

On 12/13/63 at Wallingford, Connecticut File # NH 100-18158

by SA LEONARD F. JOHNSON/hmg Date dictated 12/14/63

This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the FBI. It is the property of the FBI and is loaned to your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside your agency.

*Walter
Sergio
Anacho →
+
Ricardo
Davis David*

whether this individual had any contact with anyone else connected with the Dumas and Milnes Company.

SPENCER stated that, as he recalled, there was some question of the ability of that individual to make a down payment and, on the occasion of the second visit, both went across the street for coffee at a Wahlgren Drug Store. At some time during the conversation he managed to get the name and address of the individual and wrote his name and address on the back of one of his business cards. He stated that, at the time, this individual made quite an impression on him as he considered the man to be quite a "character". He stated that, although he cannot recall any specific statements this man made, the man spoke at length about Cuba and appeared to be very enthusiastic about CASTRO. SPENCER stated that, at that time, there was quite a large group of persons in New Orleans which SPENCER said was interested in "Fair Play for Castro". He could not recall whether or not this man had said he was connected in any way with any such group. He stated there had been some individuals passing out handbills favorable to Cuba at various times on the very corner on which the Dumas and Milnes Company is located. He stated, however, that he never saw the man he knew as OSWALD engaging in any such activity. He further stated that he could not recall that this man had ever mentioned having any connection with the Fair Play for Cuba Committee or with any other group or organization.

SPENCER stated that he could not recall having actually sold an automobile to this man and he does not know whether this man ever purchased an automobile from the Dumas and Milnes Company.

SPENCER stated that this man had made such an impression on him as being an "odd ball" that he mentioned him to his wife at the time. He noted that it was seldom that he ever mentioned anything about his customers to his wife.

SPENCER stated that he could not recall the physical description of the man he knew as OSWALD and he had no further information concerning the man, other than that he felt the man was a "very self sustaining individual" because he insisted on paying for his own cup of coffee.

NH 100-18158

SPENCER advised that he had recently discussed this matter with a friend of his who sometimes writes articles for a newspaper and it was suggested that if he could determine that the man he knew as OSWALD was identical with the OSWALD who had been charged with the assassination of President KENNEDY, he might be able to get an article syndicated as a human interest story. He stated that for this reason, although there is not much doubt in his mind that they were one and the same person, he had telephoned the FBI Office at New Haven, Connecticut on the night of December 12, 1963 seeking to learn if the New Orleans address of the man charged with the assassination of the President was the same as the address of the LEE OSWALD with whom he had come in contact.

SPENCER stated he did not think the information he had would be of any significance to the Government for if he had, he stated he would have immediately called it to the attention of the FBI.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Date December 14, 1963

Mrs. JOAN P. SPENCER, wife of JAMES A. SPENCER, 68 South Elm Street, Wallingford, Connecticut, advised of the following information:

She resided with her husband at New Orleans, Louisiana from February to June, 1961. She advised that her husband, who was employed as a car salesman while in New Orleans, had frequently spoken to her of different customers. She recalled that he had spoken to her of one customer who seemed to have particularly impressed her husband as being some sort of a "character". She could not recall, however, the name of this particular individual nor could she recall anything her husband had said about that individual.

On 12/13/63 at Wallingford, Connecticut File # NH 100-18158
by SA LEONARD F. JOHNSON/hmg Date dictated 12/14/63

This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the FBI. It is the property of the FBI and is loaned to your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside your agency.

all KT & Kelly on p. 14, 15
Thomby hangs out at Ryder
Kerry
Conversation between James L. Alcock and Robert Karno on May 14, 1968.

A. . . . and you're employed now at the

K. Household Finance Corporation.

B. KERRY THORAL
(See: pp 14 + 17)

A. Where is that located?

K. 3133 Gentilly Boulevard.

A. And where do you reside now?

K. 935 Barracks Street, Apartment 1-R

A. Do you have a phone?

K. Yes I do.

A. What's the phone number?

K. 522-6254

A. Now, let me ask you this. Did you ever meet Oswald here in the city?

K. Well, I - I believe I did. I'm almost sure I did. Twice.

A. Do you want to tell me about the occasions, and the person you think or thought was Oswald?

LHO at Ryder

K. Once at the Ryder Coffee House on Rampart Street. 700 Block of Rampart. And that was either in the last part of the summer or September of '63.

A. What makes you think it was Oswald?

K. I was considering myself at the time a writer, and I was talking to a lot of people, and he did mention that his name was Lee and I thought I remembered it was Oswald. The last name.

A. When you saw the pictures after the assassination did it recall?

- K. Not right away. I'd say the second day it did.
- A. Now the meeting you had with him at the Ryder Coffee House was that the first meeting you had with him or the second meeting?
- K. First.
- A. First meeting? Do you recall what you were doing there, or what he was doing there, or how you met?
- K. I had come in and he was sitting at a table, and I was sitting at a table next to him and we got into a discussion. And it was a - I wouldn't say it was a political discussion. It was at the time - at the time it was about President Kennedy. At the time, it was more on the line of his - of the Democratic Party, President Kennedy and his objectives. At the time I didn't know that much about it because I hadn't followed the political thing.
- A. What did he say, principally I mean?
- K. I really couldn't tell you because I really don't remember, but it wasn't too much because we got onto something else right after that.
- A. Do you recall what that was?
- K. It was either on painting or writing, but I'm not too sure. I know Jeff Karowak had something to do with it. That was a writer.
- W. Was he alone?
- E. As I remember, yes.
- A. Do you recall how he was dressed?
- K. He had a pair of sneakers on, and a white, kind of white tan pants if that's the same man. And the only reason I remember that is because I had the same thing on.
- A. Did you stand up next to him at any time, or were you seated all the time?

K. I don't think I was standing at the same time he was.

A. And you had no way really to judge his height?

K. No, but he was skinny.

A. He didn't appear to be with anyone?

K. Not that I can remember. No.

A. You just happened to sit at his table?

K. I sat at the table next to his, which was almost at his table as a matter of fact, because I was facing his table.

A. Were you with anybody?

K. I didn't go with anybody at the time, but I was with people later.

A. Do you feel anybody you knew saw you talking to him?

K. No. Not that I can remember.

A. Did you know the bartender there or the person who served the refreshments at the time?

K. Yes I did.

A. What was his name?

> K. Jack Frasier. (*Ryder Coffee House*) bartender

> A. Jack Frasier? Do you recall whether or not he served you any refreshments at the time you were talking to Oswald?

K. I'm not sure if he was even there at the time because he took a _____ . He might not have even been there at the time. He might have been on vacation because there was a time that he was gone towards the summer - the last part of the summer or the beginning of September. Possibly that he was. . . .

W. Do you remember anything about a scheduled talk on the Fair Play For Cuba that was scheduled for the Ryder House?

K. The only thing I know about the Fair Play For Cuba Committee is what I've read in the paper.

A. He didn't mention anything about Castro or Cuba that you can recall? I realize that this is a long time ago.

K. No. I don't even - I don't think I've heard anything about that before.

A. Are you fairly certain it was Oswald?

K. No.

A. You're not certain it was?

K. . . . more than likely I think it could have been.

A. Well, you say he mentioned his name was Lee and you feel he might have even said Oswald.

> K. Something like that because I met him later.

A. Where did you meet him later?

K. At the public library. !

A. Where?

* > K. Napoleon and Magazine. LHO used - see *Ferris Library Card incident.*

A. What were you doing there?

K. Well, I used to live on - off of Earhart Blvd., and I used to go to the park from the - well it had to be. It was during the last part of the summer, and I caught the Magazine bus to Napoleon and then I would catch the Napoleon bus to Louisiana and then just walk four or five blocks, or catch another bus after that.

- A. And when you saw him at the branch library, did he recognize you?
- K. Well, he said hello and I said hello.
- A. And that's all you said at that time?
- K. I think so. I had - I was going to check a book out, but I didn't.
- A. Where was he in the library? Do you recall what. . .
- K. He was sitting at a reading table.
- A. A reading table? Do you recall what he was reading?
- K. No I don't.
- A. I take it then you didn't have any conversation with him at that time.
- K. Not more than two words.
- A. Did it appear to be the same person that you had seen in the Ryder Coffee House.
- K. It was the same person.
- A. About how long was this after you saw him in the Ryder Club?
- K. I figure it was two weeks at the most.
- A. Do you remember what time of day it was you saw him in the - first in the Ryder Club?
- K. It was in the evening. It had to be after 6:30, but
- A. Late evening?
- K. No. It couldn't have been because Ivans hadn't started yet. That's what I was waiting - It's a discussion group that I used to go to on Fridays.

A. You feel it was a Friday?

K. I know it was a Friday. That's the only time he had the discussion groups.

A. What time did this discussion group begin?

K. 9:00

A. And you feel it was some time between say 6:30 and 9:00?

K. It was after 6:30 but way before 9:00.

A. Way before 9:00?

K. Right.

A. Did you leave him there, or did he leave you? At the Ryder Club.

K. I think I left him. I'm almost positive.

A. You're almost positive you left him.

K. Yeah, because I went upstairs in the back.

A. Did you come back down at all before you went to the discussion group?

K. I did, but I went out the back way.

A. Then you didn't see him again? You don't know how long he stayed there.

K. No.

A. Did he ever tell you anything about how often he came there?

K. No. I really didn't talk to him that much.

W. Well, Richard you would have noticed if he seemed ill at ease like it was a strange place to him. A new place. Did he seem to be relaxed.

- K. Well, I've never seen anybody ill at ease at the Ryder, except for people in coat and tie, you know. That's the only - you know.
- W. Did anybody else -
- K. He was leaning. I can tell you that much.
- W. There were other people in the Ryder Club at the time?
- K. There were several people.
- W. Well, did he appear to nod at anybody, or know anybody?
- K. Nobody.
- A. What did you say he was what? Leaning?
- K. You know, having the front two legs up. If this is the same man I'm thinking of, that's - it was a brown chair. I think they were all brown.
- A. Did you ever tell the FBI or anybody about having?
- K. No. I've had no contact with the FBI. Well, I've had contact with them, but not on this. . .
- W. Did he talk about the atmosphere of the Ryder Club?
- K. There was nothing - we didn't even talk about the Ryder Club.
- W. Did he say anything about being new in town or you just sort of jumped into a political discussion?
- K. Well, he was - actually I was talking to somebody else, but I'll tell you I don't remember who it was, and that's how we got into it.
- W. He chimed into the conversation huh?
- K. Yes. He was - you know, he seemed very friendly.
- A. You couldn't recall who it was you were talking to?

K. No. I don't think I even really knew them that well. I may have known them by the first name, but that's been a couple of years now.

A. Was it a male or female?

K. It was a male.

W. Did he smile at any time, or display any

K. Not that I can remember.

W. Do you recall whether his voice was deep or high?

K. No I don't.

A. And those are the only two occasions you feel you saw him?

K. I'm certain of it. I might have saw him in a crowd.

A. Did you recognize him immediately when you saw him in the library?

K. Well, within a few seconds.

LHO spent a lot of time at AUSA - mostly at Kelly.

A. *He doesn't have them?* What time of day was it that you saw him in the library?

K. *see time counts of Kelly* It had to be in the afternoon. Middle of the afternoon. 3:00 o'clock. I remember when I first went in the library I - the reason I went in there it was kind of hot to begin with, and I recognized knowing the person right away, but it took me a few second to realize where I knew him from.

A. And was he reading - did he have a book or -- ?

K. It was a thick book.

A. You mentioned Karawak. Did he mention him during the course of your original conversation?

K. *him and* I mentioned/ he said he read something by him, and I'm not sure what book it was.

- A. On either one of these occasions, did he appear neat?
- K. Mmmmmmm - I wouldn't say neat. He had sort of a short sleeve kind of knit like shirt on, and a pair of pants. I don't know what kind of shoes he had on.
- A. How about his hair? Was it combed as you recall?
- K. It was combed, but not, you know. I can't really remember too well.
- A. I understand. It's a long time ago.
- W. Did he appear to be pretty neatly dressed? I mean -
- K. Neat as far as ah -
- W. I mean, they were clean clothes?
- K. Yeah, they were kind of wrinkled, but they were clean.
- W. Did he appear to need a shave at any time?
- K. Not that I can remember. He kept sit----
- W. Do you recall what he might have been drinking or eating? In the Ryder Club?
- K. It was probably coffee because I remember I had a pie - a coconut. It was coconut I think.
- W. You were smoking then weren't you? I mean, you have been smoking three or four years haven't you?
- K. Since I was 18.
- W. Was he smoking or wasn't he? Because if he wasn't you might have noticed it.
- K. No, I didn't notice.
- A. Do you feel you had ever seen him any - any meeting at Varek's house? Joe Varek's house?

- K. No - I had - I didn't meet Joe Varek until 1964.
- A. Oh, I see. Where was that? Where did Varek have his meetings? Peniston and Magazine?
- K. No Sir. I didn't even know he lived up there. He used to live up on Port Street with his parents when I knew him. And I'm not too sure what he was involved in at the time, but he was involved in Spartasus which is a group which I don't have anything to do with.
- A. Did you ever attend any of the meetings with Varek?
- K. Yes I did. I went to a meeting once in 1965. It was after October, but before January of 1965.
- A. What kind of meeting was that?
- K. Black panther meeting or something?? It's a civil defense for Negroes. But I left because it seemed like it was pretty violent and I didn't want to get involved in it.
- A. Did it seem Nazi-oriented to you?
- K. It just seemed like ah - talking about doing something is one thing, and saying it should be done and going out and doing something is something else, and I didn't want to get involved. It's just an overthrow type of organization.
- A. Was it an integrated meeting?
- K. Ah, semi.
- A. What do you mean by semi?
- K. There was more colored people than white because it was a black panther organization. I think there was three white people against maybe eight or nine colored people.
- A. Where did that meeting take place?
- K. On Dryades Street above the - in the CORE office. The New Orleans chapter of CORE not the local district chapter.

- A. Did you ever know a man before by the name of Eddie Porter?
- K. Eddie Porter. I know a few people by the name of Eddie, but I don't know if his last name is Porter or not.
- A. You knew Arnesto Rodriguez huh?
- K. Arnesto?
- A. Have you ever worked at the School of Languages, the modern -
- K. I didn't work the School of Languages. I've frequented the Modern - what was it. I know a place behind it I did a kind of - helped open up a workshop, fine arts workshop in the back of it. I did meet
- A. Arnesto Rodriguez?
- K. I don't know his last name, but that's the first name.
- A. How many times did you meet him? How many times did you see him?
- K. Seven or eight.
- A. What was this shop you were opening up? What was the name?
- K. I wasn't opening it up myself. Someone else was. It was a fine arts workshop.
- A. Was Lovin with you, working with you then?
- K. I was kind of working with him, helping him.
- A. In other words, neither one of you worked for the Modern School of Languages, or Modern Languages.
- K. Roger Lovin worked it for a while that I know of.
- A. Have you ever told anybody about having seen this person you think might have been Oswald?
- K. Barbara Reed.
- A. And who else?

K. My wife maybe.

W. Right after the assassination, when every body was saying

K. I really wasn't sure, you know. I mean, it's one thing to think that's possibly the person, and then to say it really was. Because this might not have been the same person, because people come and went from there.

W. You used to come around the Bourbon House too.. .

K. Yeah, I

W. . . . and when there used to be crowds in there, did you ever see, I mean that you had the feeling that you might have seen him walk through or around there?

K. I've never seen - I know I've never seen the person that I saw at the Ryder or the library at the Bourbon House. I am sure of that now as far as I can be sure.

A. How did he strike you, as a pretty nice fellow you said?

K. Friendly.

A. He didn't get off on any political tirades or anything like that?

K. No. At that time I was not exactly involved in political things. I was pro-nuclear disarmament at the time.

A. Do you feel you might have discussed that with him?

K. No, I don't think so.

A. Have you ever heard of anyone else who might have seen him down there in the Ryder Club?

K. Not that I know of. Just the people that were there that night. That's all.

W. At that time you were down there, Richard, who was usually around there.

- K. Well, Richie Albrecht. That was Mala's
- W. Julia Albrecht?
- K. Richie Albrecht. Mala's ex-husband. And Jack Frasier, and John Camas, and once in a while Vernon Kellogg.
- W. Well, Vernie Kellogg was around there an awfully lot about that time.
- K. A few of the artists and poets and- - -
- W. Did you ever know Wil Grady?
- K. I used to go to his parties.
- W. You used to go to his parties?
- K. Yeah. He used to have them on Friday nights. He used to live on Burgundy Street.
- W. What kind of parties were they?
- K. They were just, everybody sat around and talked and drank wine. It was usually after Ivan's time.
- A. Do you recall what people more or less consistently went to those parties?
- K. Well, um - consistently. The French Quarter has never been too consistent. I liked to go because there were usually very interesting discussions going on. You could walk around in different discussion groups. But, besides like Helen Gladstone
- W. Day Grady and Ken Moore, were they going to the discussions too?
- K. I don't think I know those two. I don't believe I've ever heard those names. That Dave and Ken possibly, but the last names are not familiar.
- W. Vernie was almost always there wasn't he?
- K. Yeah.

A. Do you know Kerry Thornley?

K. I thought you'd bring that up. I've met him twice.

A. Where did you meet him?

K. Once - now, the first time I may not be sure of. I thought I met him once before at the Bourbon House with Roger Lovin because I thought he introduced me to him, because at the time he was writing something. Now this had to be in '63 or '64. Probably it was '63. Yeah, it would be definitely in '63 I would imagine. And the second time was just a few weeks ago. He came over to my house for someone else to find out if I had ever met him somewhere before.

W. He came over to your house?

K. Yeah

W. Alone?

-K. No, with Slim Brooks.

A. He asked you if you had ever met him before?

> K. KT - Yeah. And I thought I had at first, but, now I'm kind of confused if I did meet him at the Bourbon House. But I think I did because if this is the same person he had a briefcase and he was writing something, and at the time I was also and we discussed poetry and writing *Asa* stories and that stuff.

W. Did you ever see him at the Quorum Club?

K. Quorum? No. Not that I would recognize him.

W. Or at the Britain. No, not the Britain.

K. I wasn't here. I was here before it opened. After it opened I wasn't here.

W. Did he ever go to Will Grady's parties.

K. Not that I can place him.

W. Did he ever go to the discussion groups?

K. I can't place him there.

A. Did you ever meet Clay Shaw?

K. He was around the corner from me. I never met him until he moved around the corner. Wait, I might have met him at a party once, but I'm not too sure about that either. He does live around the corner from me.

A. Where? On Dauphine?

K. He lives on Dauphine. I live on Barracks which connects.

A. He lives in the 1300 block.

K. Right. And I live in the 900 block of Barracks which is the last block before Esplanade.

A. You say you might have met him at a party. Right?

K. It's just like - I went to a party once that there were a lot of people that were involved at the Trade Mart. This was out of the Quarter. This was Uptown. And I might have met him there, but it was not at a French Quarter party.

A. And you see him now, you say, around your house.

K. Well, he used to live there. I don't think he lives there any more. I saw him a couple of months ago getting in a car.

A. Have you ever seen him driving any car that you can recall?

K. I've only seen him getting in a car twice. Once in a long black car. Some woman was in the back seat with a chauffeur and the second time - the first time was another large car - American car, but I don't know what it was, or the color either.

A. How about Dean Andrews? Do you know him?

K. Yes.

- A. How do you know him?
- K. Well, a friend of mine got in trouble once and he was a district attorney or assistant district attorney in Jefferson Parish, and I got to know him. In fact, just going up and talking to him, you know. My friend talked his problems out to him, and we got, you know, half way friends.
- A. When was that? What year was that?
- K. Oh this was late of '66 I would imagine. This was after that. After the assassination.
- A. Do you know a man by the name of Jeff Bittersen?
- K. I do, but I don't know where. I know the name, but I can't place him.
- A. He's an older man. You had a library card at the Napoleon Branch at that time?
- K. I had a Main card I think at that time. It was for the - I think it was on Loyola Street at that time.
- W. In the - up at the Variety Club did you ever - There was a whole bunch of kinds that came in from East Jefferson High, did you know any of them? Did you know Philip Geraci?
- K. Who?
- W. Philip Geraci.
- K. I don't think so. I didn't - we didn't - we weren't on last name terms. Everybody knew everybody by their first name or a nickname. And it's pretty hard, you know, three or four years ago. I mean, I meet some of the people now, and I'll say so-and-so, and it's not their usually a real name now. But I don't - I knew a Philip from the Ryder but I don't know if that's him. He was a young ---
- W. Do you know another Ryder name, Philip Boatwright?
- K. No.
- W. That was working on a newspaper, and - did you ever meet Vic. Vic Latham? Tall guy with - a playwright?
- K. No.

A. Did you ever know David Ferric?

K. No, I never heard of him before this thing happened. Before it came in the news.

A. How about Layton Martens?

K. In a way, I knew him. I knew of him and I met him once, but that was way after - that was after the assassination.

A. Where did you meet him?

K. I met him through a friend of mine who used to go out with him.

A. What did - specifically, what did Thornley want when he came over to see you?

KT 1987
K. It was pretty late and I had just gotten - I had been woken up so it's kind of hard to remember, but I know my wife would remember. Something about did I ever see, did I ever see him at the Bourbon House, or something like that. I think I told him I thought I'd saw him a time I met him before. But now I'm not even sure. But I know now I've met him once. You see, I thought I knew him, and when he came over he didn't look anything like I thought he looked.

Barbara Reed 10/2 KT# Bourbon house + KT clean up oct.

A. Well, he's changed considerably since then.

W. Did you ever hear of a friend of Layton Martens' who went to Southeastern, Mike Calliet, Jr.?

K. No.

A. How about Alvin Beaubouef. Do you know him?

K. That's familiar, but I don't know where I know him from. The name of Beaubouef is familiar. The last name. The first name a little. They should be put together. Isn't that what?

A. Did this man that you thought might have been Oswald, perhaps was, did you notice whether or not he was wearing a wedding ring?

K. No, I didn't notice.

W. When he talked, how did he - I mean when you remember the scene, how did he lean over the table? How did he sit at the table? Did he have any books with him there, or was he just--

K. He had some kind of a - it wasn't a book, actually. It looked more like note leaf-thing. This is the same man. I might be getting two men confused now, but like the thing with little prongs, you put the paper on, you close it up. I'm not sure what they call them but - you see what I mean.

W. Was he sitting forward on the table, or --

K. No. The first time I saw him he was leaning back on the two front legs of the chair up. Because when I walked by the first time it was kind of crowded, and I thought if I walked too close to him, you know, I could knock him off the chair. That's the only reason I remember that.

W. And he got into the conversation with you I notice, I mean how? Did he do this with his hands or like that, or did he use his hands to gesture.

K. I don't remember.

A. And you don't recall anybody that might have been there at the time, and might have seen what you saw?

W. Pat, or Patrick Patton and Pat _____?

K. I'm pretty sure at one time they were. I know they were at the Last Trump which is right across the street after that closed up. But, I'm also - I'm almost sure that I've seen them there.

W. They're still in town too, aren't they? They're living at, I think it's 2528 Frankfort.

K. No, they left.

W. They were around the Ryder constantly.

K. They went to California, if I'm not mistaken.

A. Can you think of anybody that might have been there that --

K. I know people that were there when I was there usually. Richie Albrecht and his wife Mala. Both of them are out of town. I don't know where either of them are now. There was also a girl named Dannie that was there, but I don't know her last name and I haven't seen her since then.

W. Did you know Daphne? Daphne Statesman?

K. Yeah.

W. Was she ever downstairs much in the Ryder Club?

K. No, I don't think I ever knew her from the Ryder Club. I don't know - I don't think I knew her from the Ryder. Somewhere else.

A. Do you know where she is now?

K. Oh, I haven't heard her name recently much less seen her in a couple of years.

W. Do you know where she lives now? Did she have conversation with Oswald?

K. If she's in the city, I don't know.

A. Do you think she's in the city?

K. I wouldn't - I couldn't tell you because I haven't seen her at all.

W. What did she work at?

K. Nothing that I knew of. She sketched I think. If this is the same girl. This was in '63 or '64.

L. Oswald

KT +

MEMORANDUM

Re: HARRY THORNTON LHO at Ryder
(Ryder Coffee House) Coffee House.

September 16, 1968

TO: JIM GARRISON, District Attorney
FROM: ANDREW J. SCIAMBRA, Assistant D. A.
RE: Interview with:
DAPHNE STAPELTON 253 Dexter Avenue
Mobile, Alabama

I interviewed DAPHNE STAPELTON at her home in Mobile in the presence of her mother who is 83 years old, and who was also very reluctant to let me in the house. DAPHNE STAPELTON, who is inclined to be cooperative with us, was ill in bed and finally had to get out of bed and come to the front door to let me in. All during our interview, which lasted approximately 45 minutes, her mother kept yelling to her not to talk and don't get involved. However, DAPHNE seemed to feel like she would rather talk to us than anyone else, and did so over the objections of her mother. I mention the above circumstances merely to point out the need to talk to this witness alone in order to get all the information from her. As it was she related the following information to me.

DAPHNE STAPELTON said that she and her husband lived in one of the apartments above the Ryder Coffee House, during the Summer of 1963. She is either separated from her husband or divorced from him now. He lives at 6702 Avenue R., Houston, Texas, and works at the Austin Printing Company in that city. His name is MARVIN LEVELLE WYMAN. He is also known by the nickname of "RED".

LHO
at Ryder
Coffee House

DAPHNE STAPELTON told me that she met LEE HARVEY OSWALD one time. She said that she was standing in front of the Ryder Coffee House when LEE HARVEY OSWALD walked up to her and asked her, "Is JACK here?" She said that the "JACK" that LEE HARVEY OSWALD was referring to was JACK FRAIZER. She told OSWALD that FRAIZER was not around at the time but that he would probably be back later on. She said that OSWALD then wrote his name on a piece of paper and said to give the paper to JACK. She said she took the paper, read the name which was LEE OSWALD, and she put the paper in a book she had in her hand. She said she either gave the paper to JACK FRAIZER when he came back, or she merely told him that OSWALD was looking for him. She said that after she told OSWALD that FRAIZER was not around he walked past her and went to HOWARD COWAN'S apartment. Evidently COWAN was not in because a short while later OSWALD passed her on the steps as he was coming back from COWAN'S apartment. She said OSWALD stopped and helped her catch her little cat which had gotten away from her.

*NINA Sulzer -
told parents previous
not to cooperate
w/ FO*

*see old
show car*

*W
W
W*

DAPHNE said as best she can remember a woman drove OSWALD up to the Ryder Coffee House. She said the woman was an elderly woman with sort of gray hair in her 40's. DAPHNE said she did not know the type of car the woman was driving, but it appeared to be some sort of red sports car. She said that she has already talked to DAVE SNYDER of the New Orleans States-Item. She believes he was sent to her by BILL SULZER (SULZER is related to NINA SULZER who works in Louis Heyd's office. Possibly her father). I asked her why SULZER sent SNYDER to her, and she said that she did not know except that SULZER was one of the people who had contact with LEE HARVEY OSWALD. She said that after the assassination SULZER left for Florida and told her not to talk to anyone about LEE HARVEY OSWALD. DAPHNE said to her knowledge she did not know whether or not LEE HARVEY OSWALD stayed in any of the apartments by the Ryder Coffee House for any length of time. She said that OSWALD also asked her if she knew "RED". She said that her husband's nickname is "RED", but she doesn't believe that OSWALD was referring to him.

*Ryder
Coffee House
parties of the
type*

DAPHNE said that some of the people who may be able give us some information about OSWALD at the Ryder Coffee House are PAT and PATTY GLEASON, MATHEW LOUVIERE, ARNOLD ECKLAND, LOUIS GOURGES, BRECK HENRY and LOUIS JACKSON. She said all of these people were around the Ryder Coffee House or lived there.

DAPHNE STAPELTON seemed to be very anti-Communist and said that we should talk to HOWARD COWAN who was the head of a Marxist group around the coffee house. She said this group would get together and read Marxist poetry from time to time, and she indicated very strongly that COWAN would have a lot of information about LEE HARVEY OSWALD.

I asked DAPHNE what information she gave to DAVE SNYDER of the States-Item and she said "Not much." She said SNYDER told her that he wanted to talk to her because the States-Item was going to prove that Garrison did not have a case, and that all he was interested in was a "witch hunt".

DAPHNE STAPELTON, as I mentioned earlier, was physically ill and got out of the bed to talk to me. Because of her illness and her mother literally screaming and crying during our interview, the interview was rather difficult. I told her that I would be back to talk to her when she is feeling better and perhaps when she would be alone. She said she would be glad to talk to me because she has nothing to hide.

It is interesting to recall TOMMY BAUMLER's remark to BARBARA REID that if the District Attorney's office wants to find out about LEE HARVEY OSWALD they should look into his activities around the Ryder Coffee House,

*see Jack Garrison statements that
KT went to discussions at
Ryder weekly - note KT states
he never saw HHO in N.O.*

April 21, 1967

M E M O R A N D U M

TO: Lynn Loisel, Investigator
FROM: Jim Garrison
RE: Additional Information from Noto

I just talked at some length with NOTO, and he remembers some more details about the truck and the man with OSWALD. I am giving this to you in the form of a memo right now so that you can have someone start immediately attempting to identify the man with OSWALD.

The truck had a sign painted on the side to the effect that the business was "TV Electronics Parts and Service" or words to that effect. It was a black and white truck -- black on the bottom and white on top. NOTO'S recollection is that the words were black words on a white background. He also recollects that the business was located on Broad Street.

He remembers further details about OSWALD (which I will not attempt to duplicate here because he is giving us a longer statement) and these added details confirm in my mind that this was LEE HARVEY OSWALD whom he saw on the lakefront. There is a problem about the year, however he remembers it as probably 1962 but possibly 1963. *check out KT*

check out
~~OSWALD~~
The man with OSWALD was definitely a Latin. He was the driver of the truck and NOTO'S impression is that he identified himself as a TV and electronics technician. He was tall, thin and somewhat on the dark side. He had black hair and wore a mustache. The estimate of his height is in the vicinity of six feet.

It seems to me that, in view of the law of registration of TV technicians, it should not take us too long to end up with a list of Latin technicians whom we can proceed to check out at once.

JIM GARRISON

JG:lcs

M E M O R A N D U M

April 19, 1967

TO: JIM GARRISON
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

FROM: ANDREW J. SCIAMBRA
ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY

RE: DAVID LOUSTEAU - INTERVIEW WITH *check out K7*
(Levee Board Police Sergeant)

As you remember from our interview with CHUCK NOTO, Mr. NOTO stated that around October of November of 1962 he arrested 2 men on the Lakefront, one of whom was supposed to be LEE HARVEY OSWALD. He gauged his time in regard to the fact that MARCEL CHAMPON was working late during the time because they were trying to "knock off" a Mr. JOSEPH CRONIN. Mr. LOUSTEAU also said that he can recall the particular incident that NOTO was talking about, but he cannot place any faces or any names. He did take a look at the photograph and said that this man is always around the Lakefront area fishing; that he has talked to him on several occasion; that he has seen him around a panel truck with a television repair sign on it which apparently was done by an individual and not by a professional sign painter. However, LOUSTEAU said that this could not have happened in 1962 because as he remembers it, it was in 1961. He said that he can remember CHAMPON staying there late that night in 1961, but that he knows this incident could not have happened in October or November of 1962 because JOE CRONIN was not working for the Levee Board at that time.

As the date of Mr. CRONIN's departure from the Levee Board seemed to be pertinent to the situation, especially to Mr. CRONIN's presence in the Levee Board Police Station late at night, I contacted Miss Teal at the main office of the Orleans Levee Board and ascertained that Mr. JOSEPH CRONIN was dismissed from the Orleans Levee Board in May of 1962. You will recall that OSWALD did not get into the United States until June 10, 1962 when he arrived in Dallas from Russia.

I also interviewed LT. JACK GLIBER of the Levee Board Police and he said he does not recall one thing about the incident.

ANDREW J. SCIAMBRA

AJS/leb

M E M O R A N D U M

March 1, 1967

TO: JIM GARRISON

FROM: JOHN VOLZ

Extra
Attach photo of C.H. to East

check out KT

*No families
may be.*

Name

I had occasion to interview MR. CHARLES NOTO an ex-Levee Board Police Officer. He told me that he remembers arresting LEE HARVEY OSWALD in October or November 1962, on Breakwater Road, "the point" on the Lakefront in New Orleans. He made the arrest after noticing OSWALD and another white male whom he identifies as CELSO HERNANDEZ from our photographs, together in a white panel truck at a late hour. He recalls the truck belonged to an electronics firm but cannot recall the name. At the time of the arrest OSWALD became very belligerent and went into a spiel about GESTAPO tactics and identified himself as being with Fair Play for Cuba. He demanded to see the officer in charge. Both OSWALD and HERNANDEZ were brought to Levee Board Police Headquarters on the Lakefront, where after a "closed door" session with MARCEL CHAMPON, the officer in charge, he, CHAMPON, told NOTO to release both men.

HERNANDEZ had previously told the officers that he was employed by an electronics firm on Broad Street and that the truck, Chevrolet or Dodge, belonged to it. *No.*

NOTO further recalled that in October or November, 1962, he, NOTO, helped Immigration Officers surround a house in Lakeview on Spanish Fort Boulevard. (He can point out the house.) NOTO said that according to the Federal Agents, they were looking for Cuban refugees and he thinks that the agents told him that FERRIE was suppose to fly them to Cuba. The only person in the house was a Spanish woman. Also present at that time were Ptn. ALBERT MANCUSO and SUPT. JOSEPH CRONIN.

Present in the station at the time OSWALD and HERNANDEZ were brought in were PTN. ALBERT MANCUSO, JACK GLEBER and DAVID LOUSTEAU. ELDRID MACKIE was NOTO's partner who participated in the arrest.

CHARLES NOTO, 1233 Marigny Street, New Orleans, La., telephone number WH 9-4231.

JOHN VOLZ

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Date 11/30/63*LO NOT YET IN N.O.*1

CHECK OUT K.T. →

JOHN J. BECKER, 4770 Overton Street, advised that he recalled two Cubans and an American coming into the Traffic Division while he was in charge for the purpose of securing a parade permit. He placed the time that this incident occurred as being in March, 1962. He pointed out that he retired shortly after this. He further stated that he remembered discussing this situation with Captain WILFRED A. GRUSICH, SR., who was then his deputy in the Traffic Division, and it was agreed that no permit would be given to this group, since they were controversial in nature. It was his definite recollection that these individuals claimed to represent Cubans in exile in the United States, and they were attempting to raise funds to help Cubans in Cuba fight FIDEL CASTRO.

Mr. BECKER stated that he had seen photographs of LEE HARVEY OSWALD and although he saw the individuals who had applied for the permit, he could not say that one of them had been OSWALD.

Mr. BECKER could not recall if these individuals had actually prepared an application for a permit to parade or had merely come to discuss the possibility of filing an application. He suggested, however, that his secretary at that time, Mrs. JOAN JOFFRION, who is still secretary to the supervisor of the Traffic Division, be contacted, as she had handled the paper work and filing of these permits and in most instances saw the individuals who were requesting parade permits.

On 11/29/63 at New Orleans, Louisiana File # NO 89-69
 by SA JOHN LESTER QUIGLEY :jas Date dictated 11/30/63

354
 This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the FBI. It is the property of the FBI and is loaned to your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside your agency.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Date 11/30/631

Captain WILFRED A. GRUSICH, SR., Deputy Commander, Traffic Division, New Orleans Police Department, advised that following the arrest of LEE HARVEY OSWALD by the Dallas, Texas, Police Department on November 22, 1963, and the showing of his picture on television, he recalled that an individual generally fitting the facial characteristics of OSWALD had been in the Traffic Division with some Cubans to apply for a permit to parade.

Captain GRUSICH stated he has been handling all applications for parade permits for some time. Before a parade can march in the streets of the City of New Orleans, a permit must be secured. Approval must come through him first before it is approved by the superintendent of police and the mayor of the City of New Orleans.

(NOTE: LO NOT YET IN N.O.)

Captain GRUSICH stated as best he can recall, sometime in March, 1962, three individuals came to his office to secure a parade permit. Two of these persons were, as he remembers, Cubans who spoke very little English; the third individual was an American who acted as the spokesman. As best he can remember, these people represented the Cubans in exile in the United States, and it was their desire to stage a parade for the purpose of raising funds to aid Cubans in Cuba to resist FIDEL CASTRO and his regime. Captain GRUSICH stated that since this was a controversial sort of a situation, he discussed the situation with the Superintendent of Police JOSEPH I. GIARUSSO, and it was felt that such a parade could possibly create trouble.

CHECK
OUT
K.T. #
CALDERANNE
ROSS IN
POSSIBLE
ASSOCIATION
WITH CUBANS
(WOULD
CLARIFY HIS
FUNCTION
IN 1962)

Captain GRUSICH could not remember specifically if these individuals submitted an application to parade. Captain GRUSICH reviewed all parade applications for as far back as 1959, and was unable to identify any, either approved or rejected applications, which he could tie in with this incident.

Captain GRUSICH said that he had discussed this incident with Sergeant GEORGE DE DUAL who is assigned to the Traffic Division, and DE DUAL felt that he had also seen either OSWALD or someone who closely resembled him in the Traffic Division, attempting to secure a parade permit.

On 11/29/63 at New Orleans, Louisiana File # NO 89-69by SA JOHN LESTER QUIGLEY :jas Date dictated 11/30/63

This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the FBI. It is the property of the FBI and is loaned to your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside your agency.

NO 89-69:jas

DU DUAL told him, however, that he could not remember why this person wanted the parade permit or just when this incident occurred.

Captain GRUSICH was shown a photograph of LEE HARVEY OSWALD taken August 9, 1963, by the New Orleans Police Department, Number 112 723. Captain GRUSICH stated that although he still felt that OSWALD had been the one he was referring to as having been there with the Cubans, he could not state this to be a fact.

Captain GRUSICH said that inquiry through DENNIS LACEY, Aide to the Mayor of the City of New Orleans, may reveal further information regarding this parade permit, since all permits must be given final approval by the Mayor's Office, and Mr. LACEY is the one who would handle this. He further said that the Bureau of Treasury for the City of New Orleans may have some information with respect to this permit.

It was pointed out by Captain GRUSICH that it would be necessary to secure a permit if one was to distribute literature in the streets of New Orleans. This would not be within his jurisdiction but would be in the City Permit Office, which would be under the Bureau of Treasury.

Captain GRUSICH said that the incident with respect to the three individuals coming to the Traffic Division to secure a parade permit was during the period of time when JOHN J. BECKER was in charge of the Traffic Division. He is now retired and is residing at 4770 Overton Street, New Orleans.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

11/25/63

Date

1

OSCAR W. DESLATE, Assistant Manager, Truck Sales, Bolton Ford Company, 1283 North Claiborne Avenue, advised that he recalled two men coming to Bolton Ford on January 20, 1961. He remembered the date and following information as he had in his possession a bid for purchase form made out to Friends of Democratic Cuba, (402 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, Louisiana, (Telephone Number SA 5-0783).

He said a Mr. JOSEPH MOORE, whose description he cannot remember, nor can he furnish any other identifying data regarding him, advised him that he and his friend, were representing the above organization and wished to purchase ten Ford Econoline Trucks. DESLATE said MOORE listed the equipment he desired on the trucks, but he did not state whether they were for use here in the United States or were to be sent to Cuba. DESLATE quoted him the price and advised that he would make a \$75 profit on each truck. MOORE said that he thought they should get the trucks for no profit for his organization. MOORE then told him that he should change the name on the bid form from MOORE to OSWALD, no first name given. The individual with MOORE then said that was his name and it should go on the form as he was the man with the money and would pay for the trucks, if they were purchased.

DESLATE was exhibited a photograph of LEE HARVEY OSWALD and he said he cannot recall ever having seen him before nor could he say this was the individual who had come in with MOORE. DESLATE said he could neither describe nor identify either of the men who came in as it was almost three years ago that they were there and only spent a short time with him. He said he remembered this incident, not by the name OSWALD, but because of the name of the organization represented.

DESLATE said that he, himself, filled out the above mentioned bid form completely and neither individual either handled it or signed it. He said that he made the original of this form available to them and retained a carbon copy of this form for his use, which he said he made available to the interviewing Agents.

On 11/25/63 at New Orleans, Louisiana File # NO 89-69
 by SA's WILLIAM F. MC DONALD & W. J. DANIELSON, JR./lrs Date dictated 11/25/63

This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the FBI. It is the property of the FBI and is loaned to your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside your agency.

677

SHOW PHOTO OF
 PRE-63 STURGES (WITH
 SCAR IN LEFT EYEBROW)

CHECKOUT
 KT AS "AL-
 TERNATE LO"

CD 75 42

NO 39-69

The bid to purchase a truck furnished by OSCAR W. DESLATTE, Bolton Ford Company, New Orleans, is being retained as an exhibit to the file in the New Orleans Office.

678

MEMORANDUM

July 29, 1968

TO: JIM GARRISON, District Attorney

FROM: ANDREW SCIAMBRA, Assistant District Attorney

RE: INTERVIEW OF ALDEANE MAGEE
4360 Clayton Drive
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

In reference to MRS. MAGEE's statement regarding LEE HARVEY OSWALD visiting her in October of 1963 in answer to her ad in the paper about a garage apartment being vacant, I checked through the classified section of the Baton Rouge Newspaper and saw that her ad ran in the paper from Wednesday, October 23 through Monday, October 28. This means that the person who came to her house giving the name of LEE HARVEY OSWALD was at her house on Friday, October 25, 1963.

?
D

M E M O R A N D U M

May 9, 1967 (Transcribed)

TO: JIM GARRISON, District Attorney
FROM: JAMES L. ALCOCK, Assistant District Attorney
RE: FRED A. SEWELL, INTERVIEW WITH
MAY 2, 1967 at 4:15 P.M.

=====

It is now 4:15 P.M. in my office, the office of James Alcock, Assistant District Attorney, and the date is May 2, 1967. I am speaking to Mr. FRED A. SEWELL, whose home address is 6520 Ithaca Street, Metairie, Louisiana, home telephone 887-3156. Mr. SEWELL is presently Fleet Manager for Stevens Chervrolet Company, 840 Carondelet Street in the City of New Orleans.

JA: Mr. SEWELL, by whom were you employed in 1961? The Summer of 1961?

FS: Bolton Ford Truck Center.

JA: Where was that located?

FS: 1083 N. Claiborne.

JA: Did you have a man working for you at that time by the name of OSCAR W. DESLATTE?

FS: OSCAR DESLATTE was my assistant - Assistant Manager.

JA: What was your position at that time?

FS: Truck Manager.

JA: Can you recall Mr. DESLATTE ever showing you, or asking you about the sale of 10 trucks to some freedom Cuban organization?

FS: Yes, he come in my office - well our desks were together - but I was in another room with glass about 10 feet away and he come in and he said, look this may be for a good cause as kind of contributing to Cuba. They've had uprisings and all down there, and they want 10 vans like these that Ford is building now. I said, well if it's a good cause, let's put \$50.00 over cost on each one of them and OSCAR says, that's okay, I'll fix it up. So he went in and he made up a bid.

QUERY RE
SUMMER OF
1961. SEE P.
HEREUNDER

SIC

JA: Mr. SEWELL, let me ask you before you go any further, did you get a look at the proposal that he had? Did you read it?

FS: Oh yes, I had to okay it for him.

JA: Did you notice any names on it?

FS: Yes, he had one name one time, and if I remember, it was a Cuban name as far as I can remember that. And then this thin man with his hair a little long, who looked like he might need a meal, a little skinny, said you better put my name down there because I'm the man with the money. He was going to handle the money.

JA: Did this man say that in your presence?

FS: Yes.

JA: What did this man look like?

FS: Well he looked - he was about probably 5' 6 or 7", probably weighed at that time about 140 lbs., 145, and he wasn't dressed the best. He wasn't sloppy, he was neat, clean but his hair was long.

JA: Now let me ask you this Mr. SEWELL, was he accompanied by anybody else at this time?

FS: Yes. The man with the Cuban accent and looked like a Cuban.

JA: Can you describe this man?

FS: Heavy set, wavy hair, kind of olive complexioned, very technical and well-educated. More educated than the other man.

JA: What do you mean by "technical"?

FS: Well, he asked me interesting facts about these vans that I didn't even know myself. It shows that he was well read and knew something about mechanics and that he come over there well versed to find out what he was buying, or bidding on.

JA: Do you recall the name that he gave?

FS: No, I can't remember now.

JA: Do you feel that that name was written down on the bid?

FS: It was written on the bid, I know.

JA: Were both of the names written down on the bid?

FS: To my memory, yes.

JA: Now, what was the name of the other man, the thin man? Did you ever see his name written on the bid?

FS: I think that OSCAR DESLATTE wrote that on there, LEE OSWALD, but he didn't use the HARVEY, just LEE OSWALD if I remember right.

JA: LEE OSWALD?

FS: Yes, it's been six years or course. He represented himself as LEE OSWALD. He's the man that spoke up and said, "I'm the man handling the money. You ought to have my name too."

JA: Did you actually hear this man identify himself as LEE OSWALD?

FS: Right. That's what he said.

JA: Did the other man identify himself to you too?

FS: No. OSCAR had his name on the bid. He didn't mention his name. He didn't say much after that. Most of his was asking questions about the product he was trying to buy.

JA: How long were they in your office? Or were they in your office?

FS: Not in my office, but OSCAR and I had a double desk, like you would sit there and I would sit here. But I wasn't at my desk all the time, I was in and out working because I had customers, and at the time I was handling service on trucks too, writing the tickets and okaying the jobs, and ordering the material. Kind of running a one-man operation down there.

JA: How long was he in your presence?

FS: I would say that the men were in there that I could see them maybe around an hour.

JA: That long?

FS: Close to that. It's hard to tell that kind of time when you're working.

JA: Did you ever see these men again after that occasion? Did you ever ask Mr. DESLATTE (Mr. Garrison entered the office at this time)

JA: I wonder if you could repeat what you have already told me. It's already on the tape but it won't harm to repeat it to Mr. Garrison. Who the men represented themselves to be, etc.

FS: The first thing, Mr. Garrison, when Bolton went in the Ford business and got out of the Chevrolet, I went with them as Truck Manager for Bolton Ford, and a few weeks

after that they put me down at 1483 N. Claiborne as Truck Manager and to build a business down there servicing and selling trucks. I took Mr. DESLATTE, MONNIN and another man with me that we hired. We went down there and set up a little organization. So while we were down there, this was in about '61 I believe. The early part of '61 as far as I can remember. There probably is a date on this paper that the FBI -

2 MONTH,
E NOTE
N. P. 1

JG: January of '61.

FS: (Well they come down and picked it up with two pieces of plastic. They didn't even put their fingerprints on it. And slid these two pieces of plastic on each side of it and offered us a receipt for it and took it with them.)

JG: In other words, they expected to find fingerprints on it?

FS: Yes, but I don't think the man ever touched it, really. We did, but I don't think he did. Then OSCAR come to me, these men were in the office, and he come to me and he said "I got some kind of Freedom or Free Democrats of Cuba" or something. He had a name for it. He come in my office and he said, kind of contributing to Cuba. He said they need ten buses, or they want to bid on 10 buses. Do you want to give them a good deal on it? Well, I said, seeing it's that and they're having a hard time down there let's make it \$50.00 over cost for each one of them. See if they want to buy them. That's my words. And so he says that's okay boss and he walked back out of the office and he prepared to make up this bid which took a short time writing up the technicalities. With him was two men. One of them was kind of a heavy set man, I would say; not overly well built.

RAMMAR
TYPIST LEADS
TO OBSCURITY
HERE. WOULD
NEAR TO BE SAYING
EFFECT, "NOT AVERAGE
HEAVY SET"

JG: (Not understandable)

FS: I can't remember that. He was curly haired. I remember that; (olive complexioned) and seemed to be educated. As far as mechanics, he was real good because he was a technician as I can remember because he asked me questions I didn't even know about the thing myself and it was my product.

JA: Did he have an accent at all?

FS: Yes.

JA: Was it a Spanish accent?

FS: Well as far as I can remember -- I don't know Spanish from -- I would say it was like most of these Spanish that come in and try to buy now. It was similar. So then he asked me some questions, he asked OSCAR some questions and I went back and forth because I had customers I was working with. I had tickets I had to get worked up. I was working to build a business as a Service Manager and at that time I didn't even have a Service Representative. I was writing the tickets and had 3 or 4 mechanics working in the back. I answered all the questions I could and

what I didn't know I looked up in the book we had there, which was a new product to us too, that van. So then they got the bid made up, and the man seemed to be satisfied with it and the total amount of money, and the price the product was going to cost them. And then this man's name was mentioned and then this fellow appeared to be about, like I said, 5'6 or 7" maybe, kind of thin, about 140 maybe a little less. He looked like he needed a meal and he looked like he needed a haircut. He was clean but he wasn't well dressed and he wasn't shabby. He said by the way, you'd better put my down on there because I'm the man handling the money. He got kind of spruced up you know, and he hadn't said too much before that. He was kind of overseeing the thing. The fact is, he didn't have much to say about the quality or anything like that. He was just observing before that. And then we got to talking and OSCAR says "What is your name?" and if I remember he used just LEE OSWALD not HARVEY.

JG: He didn't use OSWALD he used LEE.

FS: Was it LEE?

JG: Do you ever recollect he said LEE OSWALD?

FS: I think LEE OSWALD, and I think OSCAR wrote it down. Or that may be - it's been six years I may be wrong. If you have that paper you know. I can't remember that long. But I remember the men. So then when the President was assassinated and the name came out, OSCAR come in either the next morning or the morning after and and said, "Say Fred, do you remember those two guys who was in here from Cuba trying to get some buses cheap?" and I said, "Yes". He said "I think that one of those men was the one who killed the President." I said, "Aw your kidding" and he said "We've got a piece of paper around here somewhere with a bid on it." He went and hauled that piece of paper out and the OSCAR called the F.B.I.

JG: Did it have "OSWALD" on it or "LEE OSWALD"? Do you remember looking at it?

FS: I can't remember that. It's been six years but I know that the man who identified himself as OSWALD was in the office and made that remark. Now, I do know that.

JG: You do remember that. (not understandable) Kind of Latin type?

FS: Yes. Kind of olive complexioned and he was, like I said, he was a good technician. I've been in this business about 30 years and he knew his business and what he wanted to buy

JG: Was he heavy-set or thin.

FS: No.

JG: He wasn't heavy-set?

FS: (No, he wasn't heavy-set and he wasn't slim, he was well built as you might say.

JG: But medium build?

FS: Right. And he was shorter than OSWALD, if it was OSWALD.

JA: You mean he was shorter than 5'6" or 5'7"?

FS: I think he was. I think he was the shorter of the two.

JG: He had an unusual knowledge of engines or what?

FS: Pardon.

JG: He had an unusual knowledge of engines or trucks or what?

FS: He acted like he knew what he wanted to buy and he knew and he was very interested in the horse power the compression ratio, the displacement and the

JG: He represented himself as a JOSEPH MOORE at the time he was there which is a rather Anglo-Saxon name.

FS: Is that what he said, "MOORE"? Well, that could be the name. Now I knew there was two names and two men.

JG: This is exactly what the Motto ^{isn't it?} of the F.B.I. almost precisely.

FS: Is that right?

JG: Yes, but when he talked to us yesterday he simply denied that it had ever happened.

FS: Why?

JG: I don't know. But it's obvious that there were two F.B.I. Agents and not just one.

FS: There was two there.

JG: It's obvious that it happened and he said no, it was a voice on the phone he never saw anyone.

FS: Well, he's upset. He's an elderly man.

JG: Upset, but we insisted that it had to happen. We showed him the report which showed the two agents said it did not happen. We said how did you give them that copy of yours. He said the government gave the address on the phone and I mailed it to them.

FS: We handed it to them.

JG: Of course, that's in the report. Do you suppose anybody has tried to talk to him or scared him in this thing?

FS: I don't know. Now I talked with my wife about this when it first -

JG: Just a voice on the phone.

FS: She said well, if they ask you. I said do you think I ought to go down and tell Mr. Garrison this and she said No, if they want you they'll call you, so I never did bother you.

JG: We don't know (something) We're glad you came.

FS: She said, well OSCAR is all excited and upset. And I said well, why? And she said, well I don't know. I said, well the only thing we can do is tell the man what we know, and if it'll help him any it's a good cause. And if they call me, I will do that.

JG: It's the best story there ever was but for some reason Mr. DESLATTE doesn't want to tell us about it. He denies the whole thing.

JA: Did he call you last night?

FS: He called me and told me that they had called him. He called me yesterday.

JA: Did he call you and tell you that we had talked to him?

FS: Yes. That they were going to or that they had called him.

JA: What did the F.B.I. Agents do when they came there?

FS: The first thing they come in and identified themselves. They were two young fellows. They were'nt very old. They looked like kids to tell you the truth. I don't want to degrade them or anything but they looked real young. They didn't look like they were F.B.I. men. I mean, they're supposed to look a little elderly, you know, have a big gun on their hip. You don't see F.B.I. men very often or very long, so when they walked in and identified themselves - one of them I had seen before at the used car lot when a car was stolen. But the other one was a real young fellow. They walked in and they said we're from the F.B.I. and we've come to pick that paper up that Mr. DESLATTE called about. We had it laying right on the desk - on his side of the desk. They took two pieces of plastic and they scooped it up between it and they said have you touched this and we said, well, I guess so. He said have you touched it? and I said yes. They said, did the men touch it and I said I don't believe so. We both verified it because I don't think they touched it at all because we didn't ask them to sign it. There wasn't any money being transacted, there was just a bid. If there had been money transacted or if they had given us an order, we would have made them sign it, then we would have had their signatures. But I don't believe they touched it.

NOTE: DESLATTE'S
ORIGINAL CAME TO
FBI. HIS ORIGINAL
STATEMENT TO FBI
ON ITS 11/25/63
REPORT (BY WENTZ
WONGOLD &
NIELSON)

JA: Had they shown you some pictures? The F.B.I. Agents?

FS: No.

JA: They didn't show you any pictures?

FS: No. They didn't show us no pictures. They didn't do anything but take that paper and they offered us a receipt

JA: Did you take a receipt?

FS: No.

JA: You don't have a copy of that paper anywhere around?

FS: No.

JA: That was the only copy?

FS: The only copy. We had a copy you see, but we kept the copy and give them the original. This was a copy that the F.B.I. got. The original went to the two men who asked for the bid.

JA: They didn't show you any pictures?

FS: No.

JA: The F.B.I.?

FS: They never did call back. They never did come down there again. In fact, they told us that OSWALD wasn't even in the country at that time. He couldn't be.

JA: Have you ever seen - you've seen many pictures of OSWALD.

FS: I saw his shot.

JA: You saw his shot.

FS: On television.

JA: Was that the same guy?

FS: Well, it appears to be the same man. He had changed a little and at the time it looked like he was a little heavier. Because at that time he was white. It looked like he'd come out of Iceland or something like that. I mean, he didn't look healthy as I remember him, because there was so much distinction between the two men who were trying to get the bid. The man looking like the Cuban and - they were different people altogether.

JA: Would you say that the non-Cuban looked somewhat similar to OSWALD? Looks in appearance similar.

FS: No.

JA: The non-Cuban now, you wouldn't say he looked anything like OSWALD?

FS: Oh, the non-Cuban. Yes, yes, I think it was him. I think it was OSWALD and I told the F.B.I. but they said that it couldn't be because he was in Russia. I said, "Well, then we've wasted your time then (I think I madt that statement to them) if he wasn't in the country."

JA: Did you ever hear from these men again?

FS: No, I didn't and I don't think OSCAR did.

JA: What did OSCAR tell you on the phone? Did he tell you he came up here and told us he didn't remember any of this?

FS: No. No, he didn't tell me that. He tole me, he said, "The F.B.I. got in touch with me and I think they're going to call you." And I said, "Well, OSCAR the only thing to tell them is what you know."

JA: The F.B.I.?

FS: No, I mean the D. A.

JA: The D. A.?

FS: He said the D. A. I'm sorry. He said, "Fred, the D. A. got in touch with me." (The D.A. Office. He didn't use no names) "They got in touch with me about this OSWALD thing that we made the bid for." And he says, "I think they're going to contact you." We talked for a little while and I said, "All I can tell you is that we can tell them what we know." And he said, "That's been a long time Bud." I said, "I know, it's been six years." That was about all we talked about.

JA: Do you know any reason why he would come up here and say he never saw these men before?

FS: No, I -

JA: In other words, the story he told us was that he received a call over the telephone and never saw anybody and it's completely contrary to the F.B.I. report and I just didn't believe the F.B.I. Agents would write something down completely contrary to what happened.

FS: Well, this happened, I can tell you that. But he was - really OSCAR was in on it more than I was. I was there and that's all. I okayed the deal and I give him the amount to put on the price of the truck and every instant I was in on it all the way, and the men were in the office. One of them looked like OSWALD and he identified himself as OSWALD.

JA: Positively he identified himself as OSWALD?

FS: Right. I heard him say that. And this other man didn't say anything more after that, much, he was - in fact one of them was interested in the buying and OSWALD acted like he was going to handle all the money. He made a statement to that affect.

JA: They didn't leave a card or anything like that?

FS: No.

JA: Do you know where they had their headquarters?

FS: I think we asked them for an address and they said they didn't have one. I believe we asked them for an address.

9/20/76

Re: 1976 Affidavit of Kerry Thornley : (IN PARTICULAR, RE: BANISTER, FERRIE, MEXICO CITY & ROSSELLI)

Thornley admits :

- ① Arrives in New Orleans in "early 1961" (Bay of Pigs occurred in April, 1961. N.O. was used as a logistical base & training area for anti-Castro activities by U.S. intelligence in the early 1960's. Examples: Attempted purchase of Ford pick-up truck in Oswald's name while he was still in Russia; training of anti-Castro guerrillas north of Lake Pontchartrain, etc.). Thornley departs from New Orleans (for ~~Albany~~ Arlington, Virginia, to await his testimony in Washington before the Warren Commission, in December, 1963).
- ② In New Orleans, in 1961, Thornley "accidentally" meets Guy Banister, discusses with him the book he's writing about La Oswald.
- ③ Then in 1962, Thornley "accidentally" meets David Ferris ("I'm nearly sure that no significant conversation transpired")
- ④ In September of 1963 Thornley visits Mexico City.
- ⑤ ("For ~~so~~ many years I had wanted to visit Mexico City...")
- ⑤ Also in ~~October~~ September, 1963, Thornley is in New Orleans during same period Oswald was (Later, he says "I began to realize that others might have good reason for suspecting me of being part of an assassination conspiracy.")
- ⑥ From 1964 until June of 1966, Thornley worked at Helen Towers apartment, Los Angeles, where he got to know John Roselli, who happened to live there. (They have conversations, speculating about the assassination).

M E M O R A N D U M

February 14, 1968

TO: LOUIS IVON, Chief Investigator

FROM: KENT SIMMS, Investigator

RE: Interview one FRED SEWEL, Fleet & Truck Manager,
Stephens Chevrolet, 840 Carondelet Street

On February 14, 1968, Det. Kent Simms in company with Det. Sal Scalia interviewed a MR. FRED SEWEL at the Stephens Chevrolet Company at 840 Carondelet Street and showed him a picture of one WILLIAM DALZELL for possible identification as being the second man with OSWALD in 1961 when he, OSWALD, attempted to purchase a truck.

MR. SEWEL observed the picture stating that this man resembles the second man who was with OSWALD on the above mentioned occasion but that he could not positively identify him as being such. MR. SEWEL went on to relate that the man who came in with OSWALD had a scar over his left eye, that he didn't have a spanish name but that he was a Cuban type. Further, that this man was either an engineer or a mechanic as he was familiar with the working parts of a truck. Also, that he was between 5'6" and 5'8" and well over 200 pounds. He was the athletic type and in his mid-twenties.

MR. SEWEL further stated that the original bid was turned over to the FBI and that he is under the impression that this office has a photostat of the same with the name of OSWALD and the name of the other person who appeared with him.

It was further learned from MR. SEWEL that he recalls that at a meeting he attended that a salesman who was at one time employed by Bolton Ford had mentioned that this same Cuban type person along with a man believed to be OSWALD had also come to the Bolton Ford company inquiring about a truck. MR. SEWEL can not remember the identity of the salesman.

Joe
Rabell?

3332 Harney Street
Omaha, Nebraska 68131

Sunday
21 April 1968

Mr. Harold Weisberg
Route #8
Frederick, Maryland 21701

Re: KERRY THORNLEY
(See CUBAN material)

Dear Harold,

Here is all the Thornley correspondence, as I found it. I tried to make Xerox copies but several pages seemed not to photograph well and I finally gave up on the project. Anyway, you can keep these awhile--and try your hand at making copies if you want them for your files. Do the same with the A-1 statement and receipts, the W-2 Form (I appear to have been hired by Pelican Printing, to have worked on The Independent American, and been paid by "Free Men Speak, Inc."!), the blockade petition and the Arizona rally announcement draft.

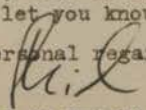
The postmark on the card from Mexico appears to be 31 August 1963; I think I told you I'd remembered receiving it in 1964--but to reach me at the Aquila Court address it would have to arrive in 1963. The letters are obscure in places (and mine are tedious) but I can probably help you if there's something you need to have clarified. I do wish that I'd had them at hand when you were here.

Receipts that I mentioned last time, other than those enclosed here, don't appear to be important enough to send--but I can now give pretty precise dates of my presence in N.O. I have found a copy of a letter to a friend in Omaha, dated "Little Rock, 29 July 62," and a N.O. Public Service receipt for deposit dated 31 July 62. And a rent receipt indicates I was to vacate the St. Peter Street apt. not later than 10 January 63. The money order stubs are all from the Customs House Station--the only P.O. I recall using while in New Orleans. (It seems to me the Customs House is on the Quarter side of Canal St., not too far from the river. Anyway, I don't recall Kerry ever going with me--but I suppose he could have.)

The small notesheet with the names and dates typed on it represents what I was able to find in the journals; not much, as you can see, but I knew these places and people relatively well. The names on the pieces of paper and cards clipped together I have no recollection of whatsoever (except, of course, Castillo's), but you might show them to Barbara--she might recall something. You needn't return any of the things I've mentioned here in this paragraph, nor the misc. news clippings enclosed.

So. If anything here helps you in any way I'll be pleased to have had a hand in it. And if anything else turns up here--on paper or in my head--I'll let you know.

Best personal regards,


Philip Beatright

To: GF
From: JG

9/23/76

Memo re Thornley's description of Oswald's height:

Lee Oswald appears to have been about 5 feet, 11 inches tall (Selection Service Reg. card says 5'11" [WC Vol XX III, p. 743]; Passport says 5'11" [WC Vol XX III p. 819]; Medical exam, while in service, says 5'11" [WC Vol XIX, p. 584]; Priscilla Johnson, who interviewed him in Russia, says 5'11" [WC Vol XX, p. 277]; Oswald's application for Albert Schweitzer College says 5'11" [WC Vol XVI, p. 622].

However, Kerry Thornley — who also is approximately 5 feet, 11 inches — testified to the Warren Commission that Oswald was only about 5 feet, 5 inches tall — a substantial variance from the official record. Curiously, Thornley was sufficiently impressed by Oswald to be writing a book about him before the assassination but was not sufficiently impressed by him to ~~xxx~~ be able to recall that Oswald was as tall as he was.

JG

RE: KERRY TORNEY
(B/R Scenario)

To: Sciambra

Note: I never talked
to a John Dale Tower
J2

Then: to Archibald
Oswald file

MEMORANDUM

July 9, 1968

TO: JIM GARRISON, District Attorney

FROM: ANDREW J. SCIAMBRA, Assistant District Attorney

RE: INTERVIEW WITH MRS. ALVENE MAGEE, 4360 CLAYTON DRIVE,
BATON ROUGE, PHONE: 357-3630

Intentional!

Yesterday I talked to MRS. MAGEE in reference to LEE HARVEY OSWALD answering her ad in the paper regarding a garage apartment for rent. MRS. MAGEE said that it was definitely in the late part of October, 1963, when she ran the ad in the paper for the garage apartment for rent. A person whom she positively identifies as LEE HARVEY OSWALD called her on the phone and told her that he would be out to look at the apartment. That afternoon around 1:00 or 2:00 he drove up to her residence in a light colored station wagon, approximately 4 to 5 years old, with his wife and baby in the front seat. There was a bassinet in the back seat of the car that she noticed. He got out of the car and introduced himself as HARVEY LEE OSWALD. Mrs. MAGEE said that while he was looking at the apartment, he volunteered a lot of information about himself. He told her that he was from New Orleans and that he had worked for a coffee company in New Orleans. He told her that he had spent three years in Russia and that he was married to a Russian girl and that they had a baby. He said his wife did not speak English. He looked around the apartment and wanted to know if she had good locks on the apartment because he had a collection of guns that he didn't want stolen. He even mentioned that one of the guns had a telescopic sight on it and she remembers not really knowing what a telescopic sight was. He told her he was looking for a job in Baton Rouge and she recommended that he try one of the coffee places in town since he had mentioned to her that he had already worked for a coffee company in New Orleans. He also told her that he was a Marxist and he had to explain what a Marxist was to her. He told her also that he had friends or relatives in Ft. Worth. While they were looking at the apartment and talking Mrs. MAGEE said that his wife got out of the car and also looked at the apartment. She did not enter into the conversation and all she said was hello. After she looked at the apartment she went back into the car. Mrs. MAGEE said she was pregnant at the time and looked very close to having the baby. Mrs. MAGEE said that OSWALD was getting back into the station wagon and said to her, "I hear that Kennedy's going to make a tour down to the Southern States." She just listened to him. The last thing that he told her was that he was going to look around. She didn't know if he meant for another apartment or for a job. He then drove off in the station wagon with his wife and child.

She said that her uncle and a colored maid were in the house at the time and they also saw what happened. Her uncle, JAMES MONAHAN, is dead but the colored woman, Mrs. VERNICE MARTIN, was still in Baton Rouge and she lives at 1302 N.E. 36th Street, phone No. 343-4680.

Mrs. MAGEE said that OSWALD had either a jacket or a coat on that was light in color, either blue or gray. He said he had medium brown hair, thinning in the front, and he was very clean-cut

looking. She described him as around 5'8" or 5'9" and medium build. She said she immediately recognized his picture on TV after the assassination and contacted the FBI. She said she has already talked to the FBI about this and also NED TOUCHSTONE.

On showing her pictures, she could not identify anybody but LEE HARVEY OSWALD. She looked at the picture of THORNLEY and said that THORNLEY looks a lot like OSWALD but that his face is too thin. She definitely picked out the picture of OSWALD as the one that came to her apartment and signed her name on the back of the picture.

She said what she remembers most about his wife was that she was wearing maternity clothes and was pregnant and very big and she had straight dark hair and big, pale blue eyes.

She said she did not ask many questions but that OSWALD just seemed to volunteer the statements that he made. She also asked if we had talked to a JOHN DALE TOWERS, an attorney from Clinton, Louisiana, who said that he had talked to Jim Garrison. TOWERS' address is 101 St. Ferdinand Street in Baton Rouge, phone No. 348-0950.

I will check with the newspaper in Baton Rouge to get the exact dates that Mrs. MAGEE's ad ran in the paper.

M E M O R A N D U M

Follow Up

January 11, 1967

TO: JIM GARRISON, DISTRICT ATTORNEY
FROM: ANDREW J. SCIAMBRA, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY
RE: SMITH INVESTIGATION

As a result of my investigation with Patrolman Ortiz, I have gathered the following additional information. Miguel Torres alias Mike Silva was a close associate of Mariano Flores Mendoza, B of I # 12555, Paul Francis Mendoza alias Pancho Cisco Chico, B of I # 114886 and Anthony Costello. I have obtained the rap sheets and mug shots on these three individuals and it is of interest to note that two are from Houston, Texas, and the other is from Dallas. Patrolman Ortiz has also informed me that Miguel Torres use to frequent the LaLuna Restaurant & Bar which was located, and still may be, on the corner of Constantinople and Constance Streets. He also frequented the Puerto Rican Bar which was located in the 500 block of Ursuline. Patrolman Ortiz also heard of Emmanuel Garcia Gonzales and said that he had a reputation of one who liked to cut people and was known as a potential killer. Also, he too frequented the LaLuna Restaurant & Bar and the Puerto Rican Bar. He said that he does not know if Torres knew Gonzales. He said that he would try and gather more information on Gonzales for us and would contact me as soon as he did.

ANDREW J. SCIAMBRA

AJS:bb

New Orleans, Nov. 7, 1967

Mr. Jim Garrison
District Attorney's Office
2700 Tulane Ave.
New Orleans, La.

R: BANISTER FILE
(WILL BRADY + "Citizens
for a Free Cuba")

Dear Mr. Garrison:

I am a sometimes leg-man for Ramparts Magazine and was the proprietor of the Ryder Coffee House in 1962-63. You may remember that I spoke to you on the phone about the Kaplan case when Bill Turner was following up a lead related to it.

When I was questioned by Mr. Ivon last January apparently the name "Will" Cuthbert Brady had not come up. At any rate he did not ask if I knew of him, nor did I link the name with the CIA or the Kennedy assassination at that time. Although I still do not know if there is any direct link, the fact that he was a leader of the "Citizens for a Free Cuba" organization, and left New Orleans almost immediately after the July 31, Lacombe raid, leads me to believe that he may be a key individual.

If you feel that Mr. Brady may be an important individual and you need additional information for your case, I will be happy to cooperate in whatever way I can. I was not very close to Mr. Brady so I could not give you detailed information, however, I do know people who were close to him and they could supply you with facts which may be pertinent.

Please let me know if I can be of assistance. You may reach me at this number: 944-5445, 8-12 AM, and after 6 PM.

Cordially,

Jack Frazier
Jack Frazier

2106 Chartres, Apt. C
N.O. 70116

10 Sept 62

ATTENTION: ARIZONA GSA MEMBERS AND FRIENDS!!!

ARIZONA RALLY FOR WORLD LIBERATION FROM COMMUNISM

Saturday, September 15, 1962
2:00 PM, Thunderbird Room
Westward Ho Hotel, Phoenix

*Guest speakers:

- SENATOR BARRY GOLDWATER
- Michael Struelens, Head of Katanga Information Services
- The winner of the Republican Senatorial Primary
- Walter Kolbe, Vice Regional Chairman, Young Americans for Freedom

Get your tickets from

Gautier Book Store
5036 No. Central Ave., Phoenix

or contact

David Bohn
1215 West Adams, Phoenix

Donations: \$1.00

RALLY SPONSORED BY THE ARIZONA YOUNG AMERICANS FOR FREEDOM

The Unicorn Gallery
708 Bourbon St.

W.S. Patterson
516 Gov. Nicholls
Ph-524-1995

Gaston Olivier
807 St. Peter
N.O.

7 Seas (bar)
515 St. Philip

Howard Mitchum
c/o Starving Artists Inc.
St. Peter St.

Ryder Coffee House
Rampart St (late fall-early winter '62)
(one date noted in Journals:
16 Dec 62)

Loyola of the South
(reading: 8 Nov 62)
-met Jack ~~and~~ Heidloff at this reading

Papa Joe's (bar)
Bourbon St.

904 Dauphine
JA 59763

Alec LAMPAL *this is
my
signature*

Boiled Crab - Crawfish - Shrimp
"Go To The Moon"
Le Luna Bar & Restaurant
Mexican Texas
& Enchiladas
Chili
Hot Tomatoes
TX. 5-1800
Featuring Spanish Music - Dancing
Cassino & Glam
1712 Constance St.
Open 100 P.M. - Tu - 7 days weekly
Se Habla Espanol
New Orleans, La.

Moises C RAIBSTEIN

2818 Constance St

Apto #1

Paul Rice & Lory Co
Toy, dress and magazines

Harry Sutton
2032 Cleveland
JA-55954

Free Man Spa, Inc.
7314 Zimel Street
New Orleans 18, La. 720 496 344

WITHHOLDING TAX STATEMENT 1962
Federal taxes withheld from wages

Type or print EMPLOYEE'S identification number, name, and address above.

Copy C—For employee's records

SOCIAL SECURITY INFORMATION		INCOME TAX INFORMATION	
\$ 700.00 Total F.I.C.A. wages paid in 1962	\$ 25.04 F.I.C.A. employer tax withheld, if any	\$ 700.00 Total wages ⁶ paid in 1962	\$ 48.30 Federal income tax withheld, if any

Philip Calvin Boatright
935 St. Peter St.
New Orleans, La.

480 38 0239

Type or print EMPLOYEE'S social security account no., name, and address above.

NOTICE: If your wages were subject to social security taxes, but are not shown, your social security wages are the same as wages shown under "Income Tax Information," but not more than \$4,800.
Keep this copy as part of your tax records.

FORM W-2—U. S. Treasury Department, Internal Revenue Service

⁶Below payroll deductions or "sick pay" exclusion.

American Express Co.
MONEY ORDER
SENDER'S STUB
KEEP IT
NO. 01,767,555

DATE: 9/13/62
SENT TO: Philip Boatright
FOR: 480 38 0239

SEE OTHER SIDE FOR CONDITIONS OF ISSUANCE AND PAYMENT.

SENDER'S RECEIPT

614753

PAID BY: A.I.
3600
9/13/62

Money Order Corp. of America, Inc., New Orleans, La.

TARJETA POSTAL "VISTACOLOR"
Lito en colores

Just FOR THE IRONY OF IT - HERE.

HASTA LOEGO
Kenny \$

PAUL BOATRIGHT
#3 AQUILA COURT
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

80 CTS
CORREO AEREO
MEXICO

PHOTO BY MARK TURK

Philip Boatright
2022 Highway Street
Omaha, Nebraska 68131

Mexico, D. F. The largest city in Mexico, located on the main square.

A-1 EMPLOYMENT SERVICE
1409 National Bank of Commerce Building
STATEMENT FOR PLACEMENT

To Philip C. Boatright

Date of Placement 9/3/62

Salary \$400.00

Commission Due \$180.00

Payment Dates every Friday

Terms 30 Days Net

With Pelican Printing

Sept. 14	\$36.00 ✓
Sept. 21	36.00 ✓
Sept. 28	36.00 ✓
Oct. 5	36.00 ✓
Oct. 10	36.00 ✓

Sept. 14

Payable in Two Payments if salary is received 1st and 15th.
Payable in Four Equal Payments if paid weekly.
Payments must be made on date salary is received.
Discount 5% on Amount of Commission if paid within 1 week.
Fee based on 4 1/3 weeks to one month.

MEMORANDUM

October 27, 1967

TO: JIM GARRISON, District Attorney

FROM: BILL BOXLEY, Investigator

RE: INTERVIEW WITH HARVEY L. WADE
406 So. Howell
Chattanooga, Tenn. 37412
Telephone: 624-3228

On Wednesday, 25 October, 1967, HARVEY LAWILL WADE, a building inspector for the County of Hamilton, Tennessee, Chattanooga was interviewed at 11:30 A.M. in his office at the Courthouse regarding his statement contained in Warren Commission Exhibit # 2370 and in Warren Commission Exhibit # 2432. WADE confirmed that the descriptions of two men he saw with LEE HARVEY OSWALD in the Carousal Club, Dallas, on the night of November 10, 1963, were accurately recorded in Commission Exhibit CE ²³⁷⁰ by the FBI Agent taking statement. He disappointedly commented however that it could not have been LEE HARVEY OSWALD with whom he saw the men because "Of course OSWALD was not there".

WADE responded exuberantly however when informed that OSWALD undoubtedly had a double in Dallas as well as other places with him, and seemed relieved that he had not made the mistaken identification of OSWALD which the FBI questioner had indicated he must have made. WADE located the position at the bar where OSWALD and his companions were sitting and his own relative position to that in a photograph shown him of the interior of the Carousal Club. His distance from the three men appears to have been less than twenty feet.

He describes # 1 man who resembled OSWALD very much in appearance as being 5'8", 140 pounds, with long black hair and adds to his description in CE 2370 the information that he wore the hair parted on the left side and had an immature or baby expression around his mouth and chin. He estimated his age to have been in his early 20's. The # 2 man, described as 5'10" tall, stocky build, oval faced, of Mexican or Spanish extraction with a one inch scar on his left eyebrow, also had a noticeably pox-marked face. He states that our photograph of LAWRENCE HOWARD represents a man several years too old in appearance and too stern of expression. He remembers the # 2 man being in his early 30's and of more clean-cut pleasant facial expression.

CHECK
OUT KJ'S
PHOTOS →

OSWALD'S
"STRONG"
ESCORT
?

MR. WADE looked at all photographs in our display kit and was unable to identify even partially any as being the unidentified men although he did comment that our 1963 New Orleans Police Department photograph of LEE HARVEY OSWALD was identical to the man he had previously identified as OSWALD.

MR. WADE will be happy to cooperate in any way with this office including identifying photographs submitted him by mail. His address is 406 So. Howell, Chattanooga, Tennessee 37412, telephone: 624-3228.

BILL BOXLEY

M E M O R A N D U M

October 27, 1967

TO: JIM GARRISON, District Attorney

FROM: BILL BOXLEY, Investigator

RE: INTERVIEW WITH HARVEY L. WADE
406 So. Howell
Chattanooga, Tenn. 37412
Telephone: 624-3228

On Wednesday, 25 October, 1967, HARVEY LAWILL WADE, a building inspector for the County of Hamilton, Tennessee, Chattanooga was interviewed at 11:30 A.M. in his office at the Courthouse regarding his statement contained in Warren Commission Exhibit # 2370 and in Warren Commission Exhibit # 2432. WADE confirmed that the descriptions of two men he saw with LEE HARVEY OSWALD in the Carousal Club, Dallas, on the night of November 10, 1963, were accurately recorded in Commission Exhibit CE ²³⁷⁶ by the FBI Agent taking statement. He disappointedly commented however that it could not have been LEE HARVEY OSWALD with whom he saw the men because "Of course OSWALD was not there".

WADE responded exuberantly however when informed that OSWALD undoubtedly had a double in Dallas as well as other places with him, and seemed relieved that he had not made the mistaken identification of OSWALD which the FBI questioner had indicated he must have made. WADE located the position at the bar where OSWALD and his companions were sitting and his own relative position to that in a photograph shown him of the interior of the Carousal Club. His distance from the three men appears to have been less than twenty feet. He describes # 1 man who resembled OSWALD very much in appearance as being 5'8", 140 pounds, with long black hair and adds to his description in CE 2370 the information that he wore the hair parted on the left side and had an immature or baby expression around his mouth and chin. He estimated his age to have been in his early 20's. The # 2 man, described as 5'10" tall, stocky build, oval faced, of Mexican or Spanish extraction with a one inch scar on his left eyebrow, also had a noticeably pox-marked face. He states that our photograph of LAWRENCE HOWARD represents a man several years too old in appearance and too stern of expression. He remembers the # 2 man being in his early 30's and of more clean-cut pleasant facial expression.

FOR
T.A.
CHECKOUT

FOR
STRONG
ESCORT

MR. WADE looked at all photographs in our display kit and was unable to identify even partially any as being the unidentified men although he did comment that our 1963 New Orleans Police Department photograph of LEE HARVEY OSWALD was identical to the man he had previously identified as OSWALD.

MR. WADE will be happy to cooperate in any way with this office including identifying photographs submitted him by mail. His address is 406 So. Howell, Chattanooga, Tennessee 37412, telephone: 624-3228.

BILL BOXLEY

BLOCKADE CUBA PETITION

A PETITION TO

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

"Congress shall make no law . . . abridging . . . the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

--First Amendment to The Constitution of the United States of America

WHEREAS: The International Communist Conspiracy, with headquarters in Moscow, Russia, has declared through its various spokesmen that the Communists intend to conquer us by any and all means, and

WHEREAS: The highest, most knowledgeable military advisers of the President, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, have warned the President that the construction of nuclear missile bases in Cuba, plus the arrival of additional thousands of Communist troops in Cuba presents a clear and present danger to the security of the United States, and

WHEREAS: Recent reliable information indicates that Russian, Communist Chinese and other Communist-bloc technicians and troops are building submarine bases, establishing military encampments and building missile bases from which medium and long range missiles can zero in on any and all strategic areas in the United States, and

WHEREAS: It has been established that the Communist build-up under Russian direction is a direct violation of the Monroe Doctrine, and

WHEREAS: It has long been the established policy of the United States to prevent the intrusion of foreign systems into the Western Hemisphere,

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that:

1. A naval and air blockade of Cuba be established for the purpose of preventing any further build-up of Soviet-bloc arms or troops, and

2. The United States recognize a Cuban government in exile in order to be able to arm and supply Cuban Freedom Fighters through such government in exile so that they can deliver all Communist troops to our forces now in Cuba at our U. S. Naval Base at Guantanamo Bay, and

3. The President is urged to arrange for the orderly exchange of Americans now held prisoner behind the Iron and Bamboo curtains for Communist Russians and Chinese captured in Cuba, and

4. We urge the President to take any and all necessary military action to restore, as soon as possible, the dignity and authority of the United States of America.

In witness whereof, we, the undersigned, respectfully present this petition to the President of the United States.

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

Name _____ Address _____

INSTRUCTIONS - As soon as you have obtained signatures on this petition, mail it to The Conservative Society of America, Post Office Box 4254, New Orleans 18, Louisiana.

* * * * *

See reverse side for additional information.

MONEY ORDER

MONEY ORDER



FOOD CENTERS

ISSUED BY Philip Boatright
935 Saint Peter
N.O.

No. SC 002296

PAY TO THE ORDER OF A-1 Employment Service

3rd payment
Sept 29 =

NATIONAL AMERICAN BANK
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

It's Fun to Shop at Papi

MONEY ORDER ACCOUNT SC
COPY - NOT NEGOTIABLE

1:0E50=0060: 01.47 0050

RECEIVED OF
Philip Boatright (Mr.)
A-1 EMPLOYMENT SERVICE
1409 NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE BLDG.
New Orleans, La. 9/28/62
\$36.00
THANK YOU
By: Lillian Lee Deslattes

Account Total \$ 136.00
Amount Paid \$ 36.00
Balance Due \$ 36.00

RECEIVED OF
Boatright, Philip B.
Thirty six and 00/100
For: eye Pelican Pty Co.
A-1 EMPLOYMENT SERVICE
THANK YOU
By: R. Fishburn

Account Total \$ 180.00
Amount Paid \$ 36.00
Balance Due \$ 144.00

RECEIVED OF
Boatright, Ph B
Thirty six and 00/100
For: eye Pelican Pty Co.
A-1 EMPLOYMENT SERVICE
THANK YOU
By: R. Fishburn

Account Total \$ 108.00
Amount Paid \$ 36.00
Balance Due \$ 72.00

RECEIVED OF
Boatright, Philip B
Thirty six and 00/100
For: eye Pelican Pty Co
A-1 EMPLOYMENT SERVICE
THANK YOU
By: R. Fishburn

Account Total \$ 144.00
Amount Paid \$ 36.00
Balance Due \$ 108.00

RECEIVED OF
Philip Boatright, Ph. B.
Thirty six and 00/100
For: eye Pelican Pty Co
A-1 EMPLOYMENT SERVICE
THANK YOU
By: R. Fishburn

Account Total \$ 36.00
Amount Paid \$ 36.00

TELEPHONE JACKSON 2-4241
LILLIAN LEE DESLATTES, MGR.
No. 33
A-1 EMPLOYMENT SERVICE
1409 NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE BLDG.
NEW ORLEANS, LA. 10/1/62

FACTS FOR AMERICANS ON THE COMMUNIST CUBAN THREAT

BACKGROUND ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE

The Imperial Russian Government, on September 4, 1821, issued a decree extending the boundaries of Russian claims along the American Pacific coast to the 51st parallel, which included a part of the Oregon Territory and the surrounding waters.

In a message to Congress on December 2, 1823, President James Monroe stated explicitly the position of the United States in regard to European influence in the Western Hemisphere:

"...With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity...immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers ...

"We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those (European) powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety With the (Western Hemisphere) governments who have declared their independence (of Europe) and maintained it, and

whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. * * * *

"It is impossible that the allied (European) powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference"

CONGRESSIONAL SUPPORT FOR BLOCKADE OF CUBA

The following are quotations taken from the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD of September 26, 1962:

"This Soviet military outpost in Cuba poses more than an ordinary military threat. It is a potential submarine base to harass our shipping. It is a potential missile base to zero in on our cities. It . . . is an observation post to target our space program at Cape Canaveral . . ."

--Rep. Leslie Arends (R-Ill.)

"We have had every right under the terms of the Monroe Doctrine to interfere in Cuba It is a proven fact that the only thing the Communists fear . . . is our determination to protect our rights by force if necessary I advocate that the United States take such steps as are necessary to effectively seal off Cuba from further shipments of so-called technicians, military materiel, and anything else that is a serious threat to the peace and security of the United States and the Western Hemisphere The day for action is long overdue."

--Rep. Basil L. Whitener (D-N.C.)

"This Communist build-up already has gone too far. Every day and every ship adds to the blackmail threat and to the difficulty and cost of occupying Cuba in case of war. Now is the time to apply the Monroe Doctrine The blockade of Cuba should be applied at once before any more ships can arrive, regardless of what the Organization of American States may or may not do"

--Rep. Joel T. Broyhill (R-Va.)

"The Soviet despotism over Cuba is complete and its hold is tight as any grip within the Soviet bloc. The people of Cuba are now helpless to decide their own destiny Cuba has become an armed camp, bristling with weapons and crowded with non-Cuban troops For the first time our cities and towns, our military and industrial complexes, are within easy reach of enemy weaponry The President, embracing inaction as a policy, has attempted to imply that action is to be equated with rashness. But I submit that inaction is rashness when action is so urgently required"

"I have proposed a pacific blockade of arms shipments from the Communists to Cuba, the recognition of a free, non-Communist government in exile . . . and withholding of aid to countries that aid Cuba directly or indirectly."

--Rep. William C. Cramer (R-Fla.)

"Khrushchey's nuclear complex will be completed within a period of six months to a year The Soviet is constructing naval bases to harbor and supply Russian nuclear-launching submarines. These submarines have a capability of destroying just about every coastal city of the United States. Cuban airfields are planned for Soviet bombers carrying nuclear bombs. These bombers could reach anywhere in the United States. Cuba's missile launching sites are intended only for Soviet nuclear missiles zeroed in on all of the United States"

"Unless this nation finds and effectively executes a course of action to neutralize this latest Soviet aggression, we will

surely hasten the difficult choice of an all-out nuclear war or blackmail surrender."

--Rep. John R. Pillion (R-N.Y.)

"Before I came to this Congress I advocated a naval blockade of Cuba, and I stand here before you this afternoon advocating the same now Cheap talk must be supplanted with positive action now. Tomorrow may be too late. I am willing to take whatever risks are involved and so are all red-blooded Americans."

--Rep. Joe D. Waggoner (D-La.)

"I believe that we can hasten the day when Castro is dethroned and the Communists are thrown out of Cuba, by preventing, by every means at our disposal, the importation of military supplies, food, medicine and clothing that are essential to the existence of Communism in Cuba. We must encourage every type of resistance possible in and out of Cuba How much further will we permit the Soviet Union to go before we openly declare that the actions of the Soviet Union in Cuba constitute an attempt on the part of the Soviet Union to extend its system of government to the Western Hemisphere?"

--Rep. James E. Van Zandt (R-Penna.)

"Russia has missiles and they are portable ones that can permeate the United States They now have submarines that can bombard the coastline from 350 miles out We must ask ourselves whether we are willing to accept the challenge now, when the odds are in our favor, or whether we should wait until the odds may well be against us? If we back down in the face of the Soviet challenge at this time, then henceforth the Soviet Union will dictate our foreign policy"

"The best way is for us to announce that henceforth all ships entering the waters surrounding Cuba will be stopped and searched, and all military equipment will be removed. Let the chips fall where they may. If the Soviet Union continues its efforts to build a military base in Cuba, then it is simply a question of when they will fight, not if they will fight I know of no greater folly than to provide military or economic aid to an ally or neutral who is directly or indirectly aiding the Soviet Union in its determined and unflinching effort to build an armed camp in our back yard"

"We must let the world know that we will blockade Cuba You are not going to frighten Khrushchey any other way. The time for action is now. We have the power now"

--Rep. L. Mendel Rivers (D-S.C.)

"If America is to remain free from domination by an avowed enemy which openly seeks to destroy us, Russia must be completely cut off from Cuba by blockade. The need is for action and action now Vacillation, indecision and irresoluteness will not solve the problem, only prolong and aggravate it I urge Congress to adopt a new resolution calling for an immediate blockade of Cuba."

--Rep. William H. Barsha, Jr. (R-Ohio)

SPECIAL NOTE: Additional copies of this petition may be obtained, at a cost of 3¢ each, from The Conservative Society of America, P. O. Box 4254, New Orleans 18, Louisiana.

Permission is hereby granted to photographically reproduce this petition provided it is printed exactly as is with no deletions, changes or additions.

(Copyright 1962 - The Conservative Society of America)

KT

Uch...

Re: THORNLEY (assister)
Ryder Coffee House

MEMORANDUM

March 6, 1968

TO: LOUIS IVON, Chief Investigator

FROM: GARY SANDERS, Investigator

RE: JACK FRAZIER - Owner of Ryder Coffee House
2106 Chartres Apt. C
New Orleans
Phone: 944-5445

On February 26, 1968 I interviewed JACK FRAZIER in these offices, in regards to LEE HARVEY OSWALD, KERRY THORNLEY, AND WILLIAM CUTHBERT BRADY.

I asked FRAZIER if he had ever seen LEE HARVEY OSWALD in the company of KERRY THORNLEY. FRAZIER indicated he had not. I also asked FRAZIER if KERRY THORNLEY had ever said anything about LEE HARVEY OSWALD, or had ever mentioned a "real Idle Warrior being in town". FRAZIER said no, and indicated he does not remember ever seeing or hearing anything about LEE HARVEY OSWALD prior to the assassination. FRAZIER said he never loaned or gave any money to THORNLEY.

I asked FRAZIER to review his relationship with KERRY THORNLEY. FRAZIER said that he (FRAZIER) used to attend a discussion group on Friday nights at 514 Bourbon Street. Some of the people who attended the discussions were: KERRY THORNLEY, WILLIAM BRADY, HELEN GLADSTONE (a close friend of BRADY's), JACK BURNSIDES and ROSS BUCKLEY. The person who held the discussions was a man named IVAN (Last name not known) who, according to FRAZIER, is a homosexual. FRAZIER said that BRADY was also a homosexual and FRAZIER thinks that the discussions group could have been a pick-up place for the gay crowd, but he believes the primary purpose was discussion. FRAZIER said that politics occupied the bulk of the discussions, and that KERRY THORNLEY was an active participant in the group.

MEMORANDUM

RE: JACK FRAZIER

Page 2

FRAZIER said that he was gone on a trip when BRADY was picked up on a morals charge, and later deported to the Philippines.. BRADY's deportation occurred around the same time as OSWALD's leaflet distribution episode. And FRAZIER thinks there may be some connection.
 FRAZIER said that HELEN GLADSTONE took care of BRADY's affairs after he was deported. (BRADY had left his furniture at the Ryder Coffee House) HELEN GLADSTONE is now working for the Jewish Civic Press. FRAZIER said, "I think that BRADY was deported because the CIA wanted him out of town".

* BRADY and ROSS BUCKLEY, the founders of CITIZENS for FREE CUBA, used to hold press conferences and release statements denouncing President KENNEDY for his Cuban policy.

JACK BURNSIDES, a photographer, now works at the Cavenns,
 801 Bourbon St
 Phone: 523-8930

and may be able to give this office some additional information on THORNLEY and OSWALD. FRAZIER said that BURNSIDES is not gay, and he knew THORNLEY "quite well".

According to FRAZIER, an ARNOLD K. ECKLAND,
 2408 Dauphine St.
 Phone:

used to also have a discussion group, similar to IVAN's. ECKLAND, who is retired, supposedly knows BURNSIDES. FRAZIER said that BARBARA REED also knows BURNSIDES.

I contacted BARBARA REED and she said that I could locate BURNSIDES by talking with a JACK WORKING, employee of:

Siler's Book Store
 130 Carondelet St.
 Phone: 525-7074

WORKING supplied me with the Bourbon St. address for BURNSIDES.

* FRAZIER also mentioned a man named BERNIE GOLDSMITH, who was supposed to have made a statement that he saw LEE HARVEY OSWALD and KERRY THORNLEY together, or THORNLEY had mentioned that OSWALD was in town.. GOLDSMITH knows WILLIAM BRADY very well, and now works at Tulane University:

Tuland Medical Computing
 Center
 Phone: 525-8701

On February 23 I contacted BERNARD GOLDSMITH

512 Conti St. #4
 Phone: 665-7711.

MEMORANDUM

RE: JACK FRAZIER

PAGE 2

GOLDSMITH works for the Tulane Medical School Computer Center, (525-8701), and I have made arrangements to talk with him.

NOTE:

Since FRAZIER seems to make some connection between BRABY's arrest and subsequent deportation, and OSWALD's arrest for disturbing the peace, I wonder how he can say he did not know anything about OSWALD prior to the Assassination.

GARY SANDERS, Investigator

GS:jld

Follow up on Goldsmith missing. JS

Jack Ruby

*7/27/67
had called
Villard
recovered
directed
telephone
calls for
negative*

OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY
PARISH OF ORLEANS
STATE OF LOUISIANA

*Recently employed
MORGAN CITY MOTEL
459-6411*

February 28, 1967

STATEMENT OF: MRS. CORRINE VERGES VILLARD
RESIDING: 813 NORTH RAILROAD AVENUE
MORGAN CITY, LOUISIANA
TELEPHONE: 459-2980

On Thursday, November 14, 1963, I was employed at the New Port Motel as a clerk and PBX operator. My boss, MR. PETER GUARISCO, who owns the motel had left for a Rotary Club meeting at about 11:45 A.M. The meeting was at the Hub Club and was to start at 12:00 o'clock.

At around 12:40 JACK RUBY came into the motel and asked for PETE GUARISCO. I told him where PETE had gone and we started to talk. He told me of his business in Dallas and how it was nice to get away from it once in a while and how he had even gone to Mexico for a few days. He did not tell me when or where he had been in Mexico, but that he had already gone there. He introduced himself as JACK RUBY from Dallas and that he knew PETE GUARISCO very well and that he wanted to see him. He said that he was on his way to Dallas. He was talking to me alone, and he was by himself at that point - he came in alone. I then noticed this man sitting at a table about 15 feet from me fumbling with the phone and causing the lights to light up on the switchboard. The man had come in right after RUBY (a few seconds later). I then asked him if I could help him, and he said that he was just waiting for someone. He continued fumbling with the phone, but I didn't say anything to him as he appeared very nervous and

he appeared that he didn't want to be looked at or talked to by anyone. There were other people in the place, but he just sat there and fumbled with the phone and didn't talk to anyone. I kept looking at him because he made me nervous as the lights on the board were lighting up. I talked with RUBY until about 1:10 P.M. and during this time, he continuously turned around and looked at OSWALD and winked at him and kept talking. He continually stood right in front of my desk and the customers had to walk around him. RUBY also mentioned that he was either trying to charter a plane out of Patterson or going to catch a plane out of Patterson. He mentioned that he knew where to go in Patterson and that he was familiar with Patterson as he used to come down to the Hub Club in Morgan City and gamble. The Hub Club is owned by PETER B. GUARISCO (cousin) and I used to work there too, and I have seen CARLOS MARCELLO gambling there on many occasions. MARCELLO has also been in the New Port Motel and is a good friend of PETER J. GUARISCO.

After he (RUBY) finished talking, he walked out of the motel and walked toward his automobile. He walked out of the side door under the carport and OSWALD got up and walked out of the front door. They met at the car and both got in. The car was at least two or three years old. I don't know the make and can't remember the color. As I look at this picture of OSWALD, I am sure that this is the man that was in the motel with RUBY that day. He had a light colored T-shirt on, maybe faded green or faded blue and some old dirty bluejeans on. There was grease on the jeans and the shirt and a little grease on his face. His hair was messed up. Being as he was, I just thought that he was a mechanic. RUBY made no mention about car trouble. When MR. GUARISCO came back, I told him that some man from Dallas was

looking for him, but I didn't mention his name to him. He didn't question me on who it was, he just more or less passed it off. However, I remember that on the next day, Friday, November 15, he made a call to Dallas and charged the call to a Patterson number. The operator called me the next day and told me that GUARISCO had phoned Dallas and charged the call to a Patterson number and asked me if I knew the number, and I told her that I did not know the number and that she should talk to MR. GUARISCO. I also remember that MR. GUARISCO also made another call to Dallas the Monday after RUBY shot OSWALD, but I don't know who he called. I do know that the call was charged to the motel.

I remember RUBY also from when he used to come and gamble at Hub Club around 1945 to 1947. He used to come to Morgan City with a group of men from New Orleans to gamble at the Hub Club. They used to always talk about how it took them only one hour and 15 minutes to get here. RUBY used to always be very neat and well-dressed and always wore white suits and shoes during the summer months. He was a good tipper, and I have seen him gamble many times in the company of CARLOS MARCELLO.

It is common knowledge that MARCELLO loaned GUARISCO the money to build the motel, but no one could prove it. Also, MARCELLO has a sister who lives in Patterson.

I can remember that after RUBY shot OSWALD, I told him that this was the man who was looking for him that day at the motel. He became very nervous and when I asked if he knew RUBY, he said "Why do you ask?", and I repeated that he was the man that came looking for him. He got pale, and nervous and said that he had better call the FBI. MR. LELAND LYNN (FBI) was then contacted by Morgan City Police. When the agent questioned me,

I gave him the wrong description of RUBY and didn't mention anything about OSWALD because I was afraid of MR. GUARISCO. He stood right over me while I was talking with the agent and kept interfering and finally the agent said that he would check it out and left. As I did not hear from him in three weeks, I called him up and he came to my house and he said that he checked my story and it was a case of mistaken identity. PETE admitted to the FBI that he knew RUBY.

Around the last part of September or first part of October as it was just getting daylight, a woman came into the motel alone and said to me "room, room". I asked her for how many, and she put up four fingers and said "Four." I said \$10.00, and she shrugged and didn't say anything and just walked out. She walked to an old, beat up, model car, two-toned, either blue and beige or green and beige. There was a man in the car that appeared to be holding a baby and there were boxes and clothes stacked up on the back seat. This woman talked very much like MARINA OSWALD, but, of course, I couldn't swear to it. I particularly remember her hair, it was sort of golden, reddish color. They drove off in the direction of Patterson. I didn't mention this to the FBI man.

I don't know this picture of the man you say is DAVID FERRIE. I'm glad Mr. Garrison has opened this investigation and I want to help. However, I would ^{not} want GUARISCO to know.

RELEASED PER P.L. 102-526 (JFK ACT)
NARA *10* DATE *3-28-05**WORKED FOR*
Very respectable woman worked for
*Hotel for years*OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY
PARISH OF ORLEANS
STATE OF LOUISIANA

February 28, 1967

STATEMENT OF: MRS. CORRINE VERGES VILLARD

RESIDING: 813 NORTH RAILROAD AVENUE
MORGAN CITY LOUISIANA

TELEPHONE: 459-2980 384-4538

On Thursday, November 14, 1963, I was employed at the New Port Motel as a clerk and PBX operator. My boss, MR. PETER GUARISCO, who owns the motel had left for a Rotary Club meeting at about 11:45 A.M. The meeting was at the Hub Club and was to start at 12:00 o'clock.

At around 12:40 JACK RUBY came into the motel and asked for PETE GUARISCO. I told him where PETE had gone and we started to talk. He told me of his business in Dallas and how it was nice to get away from it once in a while and how he had even gone to Mexico for a few days. He did not tell me when or where he had been in Mexico, but that he had already gone there. He introduced himself as JACK RUBY from Dallas and that he knew PETE GUARISCO very well and that he wanted to see him. He said that he was on his way to Dallas. He was talking to me alone, and he was by himself at that point - he came in alone. I then noticed this man sitting at a table about 15 feet from me fumbling with the phone and causing the lights to light up on the switchboard. The man had come in right after RUBY (a few seconds later). I then asked him if I could help him, and he said that he was just waiting for someone. He continued fumbling with the phone, but I didn't say anything to him as he appeared very nervous and

CHECK OUT
KT AS
"ALTERFATE
LO"

he appeared that he didn't want to be looked at or talked to by anyone. There were other people in the place, but he just sat there and fumbled with the phone and didn't talk to anyone. I kept looking at him because he made me nervous as the lights on the board were lighting up. I talked with RUBY until about 1:10 P.M. and during this time, he continuously turned around and looked at OSWALD and winked at him and kept talking. He continually stood right in front of my desk and the customers had to walk around him. RUBY also mentioned that he was either trying to charter a plane out of Patterson or going to catch a plane out of Patterson. He mentioned that he knew where to go in Patterson and that he was familiar with Patterson as he used to come down to the Hub Club in Morgan City and gamble. The Hub Club is owned by PETER B. GUARISCO (cousin) and I used to work there too, and I have seen CARLOS MARCELLO gambling there on many occasions. MARCELLO has also been in the New Port Motel and is a good friend of PETER J. GUARISCO.

After he (RUBY) finished talking, he walked out of the motel and walked toward his automobile. He walked out of the side door under the carport and OSWALD got up and walked out of the front door. They met at the car and both got in. The car was at least two or three years old. I don't know the make and can't remember the color. As I look at this picture of OSWALD, I am sure that this is the man that was in the motel with RUBY that day. He had a light colored T-shirt on, maybe faded green or faded blue and some old dirty bluejeans on. There was grease on the jeans and the shirt and a little grease on his face. His hair was messed up. Being as he was, I just thought that he was a mechanic. RUBY made no mention about car trouble. When MR. GUARISCO came back, I told him that some man from Dallas was

*Not signed by L.O.
60 was my mist.
J.S.*

looking for him, but I didn't mention his name to him. He didn't question me on who it was, he just more or less passed it off. However, I remember that on the next day, Friday, November 15, he made a call to Dallas and charged the call to a Patterson number. The operator called me the next day and told me that GUARISCO had phoned Dallas and charged the call to a Patterson number and asked me if I knew the number, and I told her that I did not know the number and that she should talk to MR. GUARISCO. I also remember that MR. GUARISCO also made another call to Dallas the Monday after RUBY shot OSWALD, but I don't know who he called. I do know that the call was charged to the motel.

I remember RUBY also from when he used to come and gamble at Hub Club around 1945 to 1947. He used to come to Morgan City with a group of men from New Orleans to gamble at the Hub Club. They used to always talk about how it took them only one hour and 15 minutes to get here. RUBY used to always be very neat and well-dressed and always wore white suits and shoes during the summer months. He was a good tipper, and I have seen him gamble many times in the company of CARLOS MARCELLO.

It is common knowledge that MARCELLO loaned GUARISCO the money to build the motel, but no one could prove it. Also, MARCELLO has a sister who lives in Patterson.

I can remember that after RUBY shot OSWALD, I told him that this was the man who was looking for him that day at the motel. He became very nervous and when I asked if he knew RUBY, he said "Why do you ask?", and I repeated that he was the man that came looking for him. He got pale, and nervous and said that he had better call the FBI. MR. LELAND LYNN (FBI) was then contacted by Morgan City Police. When the agent questioned me,

I gave him the wrong description of RUBY and didn't mention anything about OSWALD because I was afraid of MR. GUARISCO. He stood right over me while I was talking with the agent and kept interfering and finally the agent said that he would check it out and left. As I did not hear from him in three weeks, I called him up and he came to my house and he said that he checked my story and it was a case of mistaken identity. PETE admitted to the FBI that he knew RUBY.

Note: The following case came before me above:

Around the last part of September or first part of October as it was just getting daylight, a woman came into the motel alone and said to me "room, room". I asked her for how many, and she put up four fingers and said "Four." I said \$10.00, and she shrugged and didn't say anything and just walked out. She walked to an old, beat up, model car, two-toned, either blue and beige or green and beige. There was a man in the car that appeared to be holding a baby and there were boxes and clothes stacked up on the back seat. This woman talked very much like MARINA OSWALD, but, of course, I couldn't swear to it. I particularly remember her hair, it was sort of golden, reddish color. They drove off in the direction of Patterson. I didn't mention this to the FBI man.

I don't know this picture of the man you say is DAVID FERRIE. I'm glad Mr. Garrison has opened this investigation and I want to help. However, I would want GUARISCO to know.

Thornley

MEMORANDUM

November 6, 1967

TO: JIM GARRISON, District Attorney
FROM: ANDREW J. SCIAMBRA, Assistant D. A.
RE: Interview with:
John JACK SPENCER
1824 Dauphine St., New Orleans, La.
(re: KERRY THORNLEY)

This is several blocks from Clay Shaw's residence.

John Mr. ~~JACK~~ SPENCER informed Jim Alcock and me that he was the landlord at ~~1825~~ 1824 Dauphine Street when THORNLEY lived there with JEANNE HACK whom THORNLEY said was his wife. He said on the night of the assassination around 8 o'clock the Secret Service came to his door asking for KERRY THORNLEY. He informed them that THORNLEY was at work and they contacted him at the restaurant where he was working and took him back to the apartment and talked to him for about 2 or 3 hours. SPENCER said that the next morning the FBI also came and interviewed THORNLEY for quite some time. About 2 or 3 days after the assassination he said that he found a note in his mail box from THORNLEY saying, "I must leave. I am going to the Washington, D. C. area, probably Alexandria, Virginia. I will send you my address so that you can forward my mail." SPENCER said it was quite unexpected as THORNLEY had at least 10 days left in the month before his rent would have been due; that from the way the note was written he got the impression that THORNLEY was under some pressure and for some reason had to leave.

SPENCER said he had had some conversations with THORNLEY about his book "The Idle Warrior" which was patterned after OSWALD and that THORNLEY had asked him to read a copy of the manuscript which had been turned down by several publishers before the assassination. SPENCER said he never did get around to reading the manuscript. He said that after the note he went to THORNLEY's apartment which was Apt. "C" and every bit of paper in the apartment was torn up in little bitty pieces resembling confetti. THORNLEY had even watered down the paper so that the ink was blurred preventing anyone from reading any part of it. Before THORNLEY left he informed SPENCER that NBC had offered him a large amount of money for the last chapter of his book "The Idle Warrior". THORNLEY was of the opinion that he was going to be a rich man because of the coincidence of OSWALD being the subject of his book and the assassination and the arrest and murder of OSWALD. SPENCER said he believes he has the note in his safety deposit box and will attempt to find it and contact me or Alcock.

MEMO RE: JACK SPENCER
November 6, 1967
Page -2-

SPENCER is a seaman and spends most of his time at sea. He says that from the best that he can remember THORNLEY only lived in the apartment for about 2 months and that he seemed to believe that THORNLEY was taking a part-time course at Tulane University. SPENCER said although THORNLEY and JEANNE appeared to be beatniks, THORNLEY was a very intelligent person and he believes could speak several languages. SPENCER said THORNLEY told him that he had a degree in journalism. SPENCER said that about 2 weeks before the assassination THORNEY AND JEANNE had an argument and split up. THORNLEY changed the locks on the door but JEANNE broke the glass and got in and stole some of his property such as a tape recorder, typewriter, etc. SPENCER said that he and THORNLEY had several conversations together and that they had something in common due to the fact that SPENCER's mother was also a writer. SPENCER said that THORNLEY never expressed any feelings one way or the other about President Kennedy. SPENCER said that he has never seen LEE HARVEY OSWALD with THORNLEY or JEANNE. SPENCER said that he was very upset by the assassination as the Kennedys bought their Palm Beach house from his mother and that he always felt that he somehow knew the Kennedys. SPENCER said that he knows CLAY SHAW and that on a couple of occasions SHAW came over to his residence at 1824 Dauphine to give him some tips on restoring the property. However, he said that to his knowledge SHAW has never met THORNLEY and when SHAW was at his property THORNLEY was not living there at the time.

*Thornley speaks
- or then speaks -
fluent Spanish.
Probably one of the
reasons for his
assignment to
the Bay Area in 1961,
prior to Bay of Pigs
JL*

*Very respectable woman invited for
hold for 4 min*

OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY
PARISH OF ORLEANS
STATE OF LOUISIANA

February 28, 1967

STATEMENT OF: MRS. CORRINE VERGES VILLARD

RESIDING: 813 NORTH RAILROAD AVENUE
MORGAN CITY LOUISIANA

TELEPHONE: 459-2980 384-4538

On Thursday, November 14, 1963, I was employed at the New Port Motel as a clerk and PBX operator. My boss, MR. PETER GUARISCO, who owns the motel had left for a Rotary Club meeting at about 11:45 A.M. The meeting was at the Hub Club and was to start at 12:00 o'clock.

At around 12:40 JACK RUBY came into the motel and asked for PETE GUARISCO. I told him where PETE had gone and we started to talk. He told me of his business in Dallas and how it was nice to get away from it once in a while and how he had even gone to Mexico for a few days. He did not tell me when or where he had been in Mexico, but that he had already gone there. He introduced himself as JACK RUBY from Dallas and that he knew PETE GUARISCO very well and that he wanted to see him. He said that he was on his way to Dallas. He was talking to me alone, and he was by himself at that point - he came in alone. I then noticed this man sitting at a table about 15 feet from me fumbling with the phone and causing the lights to light up on the switchboard. The man had come in right after RUBY (a few seconds later). I then asked him if I could help him, and he said that he was just waiting for someone. He continued fumbling with the phone, but I didn't say anything to him as he appeared very nervous and

CHECK OUT
KT AS
"ALTERNATE
LO"

he appeared that he didn't want to be looked at or talked to by anyone. There were other people in the place, but he just sat there and fumbled with the phone and didn't talk to anyone. I kept looking at him because he made me nervous as the lights on the board were lighting up. I talked with RUBY until about 1:10 P.M. and during this time, he continuously turned around and looked at OSWALD and winked at him and kept talking. He continually stood right in front of my desk and the customers had to walk around him. RUBY also mentioned that he was either trying to charter a plane out of Patterson or going to catch a plane out of Patterson. He mentioned that he knew where to go in Patterson and that he was familiar with Patterson as he used to come down to the Hub Club in Morgan City and gamble. The Hub Club is owned by PETER B. GUARISCO (cousin) and I used to work there too, and I have seen CARLOS MARCELLO gambling there on many occasions. MARCELLO has also been in the New Port Motel and is a good friend of PETER J. GUARISCO.

After he (RUBY) finished talking, he walked out of the motel and walked toward his automobile. He walked out of the side door under the carport and OSWALD got up and walked out of the front door. They met at the car and both got in. The car was at least two or three years old. I don't know the make and can't remember the color. As I look at this picture of OSWALD, I am sure that this is the man that was in the motel with RUBY that day. He had a light colored T-shirt on, maybe faded green or faded blue and some old dirty bluejeans on. There was grease on the jeans and the shirt and a little grease on his face. His hair was messed up. Being as he was, I just thought that he was a mechanic. RUBY made no mention about car trouble. When MR. GUARISCO came back, I told him that some man from Dallas was

Part 4 printed by LO.
LO was my next
of 92.

looking for him, but I didn't mention his name to him. He didn't question me on who it was, he just more or less passed it off. However, I remember that on the next day, Friday, November 15, he made a call to Dallas and charged the call to a Patterson number. The operator called me the next day and told me that GUARISCO had phoned Dallas and charged the call to a Patterson number and asked me if I knew the number, and I told her that I did not know the number and that she should talk to MR. GUARISCO. I also remember that MR. GUARISCO also made another call to Dallas the Monday after RUBY shot OSWALD, but I don't know who he called. I do know that the call was charged to the motel.

I remember RUBY also from when he used to come and gamble at Hub Club around 1945 to 1947. He used to come to Morgan City with a group of men from New Orleans to gamble at the Hub Club. They used to always talk about how it took them only one hour and 15 minutes to get here. RUBY used to always be very neat and well-dressed and always wore white suits and shoes during the summer months. He was a good tipper, and I have seen him gamble many times in the company of CARLOS MARCELLO.

It is common knowledge that MARCELLO loaned GUARISCO the money to build the motel, but no one could prove it. Also, MARCELLO has a sister who lives in Patterson.

I can remember that after RUBY shot OSWALD, I told him that this was the man who was looking for him that day at the motel. He became very nervous and when I asked if he knew RUBY, he said "Why do you ask?", and I repeated that he was the man that came looking for him. He got pale, and nervous and said that he had better call the FBI. MR. LELAND LYNN (FBI) was then contacted by Morgan City Police. When the agent questioned me,

I gave him the wrong description of RUBY and didn't mention anything about OSWALD because I was afraid of MR. GUARISCO. He stood right over me while I was talking with the agent and kept interfering and finally the agent said that he would check it out and left. As I did not hear from him in three weeks, I called him up and he came to my house and he said that he checked my story and it was a case of mistaken identity. PETE admitted to the FBI that he knew RUBY.

Note: The following event occur before the above:

Around the last part of September or first part of October as it was just getting daylight, a woman came into the motel alone and said to me "room, room". I asked her for how many, and she put up four fingers and said "Four." I said \$10.00, and she shrugged and didn't say anything and just walked out. She walked to an old, beat up, model car, two-toned, either blue and beige or green and beige. There was a man in the car that appeared to be holding a baby and there were boxes and clothes stacked up on the back seat. This woman talked very much like MARINA OSWALD, but, of course, I couldn't swear to it. I particularly remember her hair, it was sort of golden, reddish color. They drove off in the direction of Patterson. I didn't mention this to the FBI man.

K.T.

I don't know this picture of the man you say is DAVID FERRIE. I'm glad Mr. Garrison has opened this investigation and I want to help. However, I would want GUARISCO to know.

Re: KERRY THORNLEY

J.G.

For [unclear]
[unclear]

MEMORANDUM

March 4, 1968

TO: LOUIS IVON, Chief Investigator

FROM: GARY SANDERS, Investigator

RE: MISS ROSE CAVALIER

918 Upperlines

899-3519

SUBJECT: KERRY THORNLEY

*This is your own work, consider
the subject matter, which Sanders
did handle it*

On Friday March 1, 1968, I contacted MISS ROSE CAVALIER on the instructions of Assistant District Attorney Andrew Sciambra.

Miss CAVALIER seemed quite nervous and reluctant to talk to me. Miss CAVALIER explained that she knew that the OSWALDs had lived around the corner on Magazine Street and that MRS. OSWALD used to walk her baby in the neighborhood. Miss CAVALIER said that sometimes a man, who she ^{THOUGHT} said was LEE HARVEY OSWALD, used to accompany MRS. OSWALD on her walks. Miss CAVALIER said that sometimes the couple would return from their walk carrying what looked like grocery bags (the most logical route to the Winn-Dixie Store in the neighborhood is Upperlines St.). Miss CAVALIER said that she saw MRS. OSWALD about 5 times but she never spoke with her.

I purposely showed Miss CAVALIER a picture of KERRY THORNLEY and her reaction was "he was heavier than". I then showed Miss CAVALIER a picture of LEE HARVEY OSWALD and she identified him. While Miss CAVALIER was holding both pictures she never realized they were of different people until I explained that fact to her. At that point Miss CAVALIER became quite nervous and confused and began to ramble about not getting mixed up in other persons business. I asked Miss CAVALIER if it was possible

M E M O R A N D U M

PAGE 2

RE: MISS ROSE CAVALIER

for her to see into the fenced-in back yard of 4907 Magazine Street. Miss CAVALIER explained that there was a building blocking the view.

I thanked Miss CAVALIER for her time and excused myself.

NOTE:

I do not know why Miss CAVALIER identified THORNLEY's picture in the first place, but from watching her I believe that Miss CAVALIER may have an eyesight problem although she told me that she did not wear glasses.


Gary Sanders

cc: Andrew Sciambra

Thornley

MEMORANDUM

November 6, 1967

TO: JIM GARRISON, District Attorney
FROM: ANDREW J. SCIAMBRA, Assistant D. A.

RE: Interview with:
John ~~JACK~~ SPENCER
1824 Dauphine St., New Orleans, La.
(re: KERRY THORNLEY)

*This is second
block from
Clay Shaw's
residence.*

John 1824

Mr. ~~JACK~~ SPENCER informed Jim Alcock and me that he was the landlord at ~~1925~~ Dauphine Street when THORNLEY lived there with JEANNE HACK whom THORNLEY said was his wife. He said on the night of the assassination around 8 o'clock the Secret Service came to his door asking for KERRY THORNLEY. He informed them that THORNLEY was at work and they contacted him at the restaurant where he was working and took him back to the apartment and talked to him for about 2 or 3 hours. SPENCER said that the next morning the FBI also came and interviewed THORNLEY for quite some time. About 2 or 3 days after the assassination he said that he found a note in his mail box from THORNLEY saying, "I must leave. I am going to the Washington, D. C. area, probably Alexandria, Virginia. I will send you my address so that you can forward my mail." SPENCER said it was quite unexpected as THORNLEY had at least 10 days left in the month before his rent would have been due; that from the way the note was written he got the impression that THORNLEY was under some pressure and for some reason had to leave.

SPENCER said he had had some conversations with THORNLEY about his book "The Idle Warrior" which was patterned after OSWALD and that THORNLEY had asked him to read a copy of the manuscript which had been turned down by several publishers before the assassination. SPENCER said he never did get around to reading the manuscript. He said that after the note he went to THORNLEY's apartment which was Apt. "C" and every bit of paper in the apartment was torn up in little bitty pieces resembling confetti. THORNLEY had even watered down the paper so that the ink was blurred preventing anyone from reading any part of it. Before THORNLEY left he informed SPENCER that NBC had offered him a large amount of money for the last chapter of his book "The Idle Warrior". THORNLEY was of the opinion that he was going to be a rich man because of the coincidence of OSWALD being the subject of his book and the assassination and the arrest and murder of OSWALD. SPENCER said he believes he has the note in his safety deposit box and will attempt to find it and contact me or Alcock.

MEMO RE: JACK SPENCER
November 6, 1967
Page -2-

SPENCER is a seaman and spends most of his time at sea. He says that from the best that he can remember THORNLEY only lived in the apartment for about 2 months and that he seemed to believe that THORNLEY was taking a part-time course at Tulane University. SPENCER said although THORNLEY and JEANNE appeared to be beatniks, THORNLEY was a very intelligent person and he believes could speak several languages. SPENCER said THORNLEY told him that he had a degree in journalism. SPENCER said that about 2 weeks before the assassination THORNEY AND JEANNE had an argument and split up. THORNLEY changed the locks on the door but JEANNE broke the glass and got in and stole some of his property such as a tape recorder, typewriter, etc. SPENCER said that he and THORNLEY had several conversations together and that they had something in common due to the fact that SPENCER's mother was also a writer. SPENCER said that THORNLEY never expressed any feelings one way or the other about President Kennedy. SPENCER said that he has never seen LEE HARVEY OSWALD with THORNLEY or JEANNE. SPENCER said that he was very upset by the assassination as the Kennedys bought their Palm Beach house from his mother and that he always felt that he somehow knew the Kennedys. SPENCER said that he knows CLAY SHAW and that on a couple of occasions SHAW came over to his residence at 1824 Dauphine to give him some tips on restoring the property. However, he said that to his knowledge SHAW has never met THORNLEY and when SHAW was at his property THORNLEY was not living there at the time.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Date December 4, 1963

1

MYRA SILVER, Secretary, Jones Printing Company, 422 Girod Street, New Orleans, Louisiana, was interviewed at her place of employment and advised that her records reflect the following information:

She stated that on May 29, 1963, a person who she understood gave his name as OSBORNE appeared at the Jones Printing Company and placed an order for 1,000 copies of a handbill, a rough draft of which he submitted on a 8 x 10 looseleaf paper. She stated that the handbill read as follows:

"HANDS
OFF
CUBA!"

"Join the Fair Play for
Cuba Committee

"NEW ORLEANS CHAPTER
MEMBER BRANCH

"Free Literature, Lectures

"LOCATION:

"EVERYONE WELCOME!"

She advised that the order was placed on job ticket # D-7548 and promised the completed product on June 4, 1963. She advised that the business relationship was strictly cash, due to the fact that her company had never done business with OSBORNE before.

She advised that her records show that OSBORNE appeared on May 31, 1963, and placed a \$4.00 down payment on his order. She stated that the handbills were made up on June 1, and locked up on June 3, 1963. She advised that

*LO Still
why for
Rally to free G*

*CHECK OUT KT. (POSSIBLE
ALTERNATE LO HERE) (SEE
NEXT
PAGE)*

*✓ CHECK OUT ALSO
"OSWALD'S" "ESCORT"
(SEE MR. JONES
STATEMENT)*

On 12/3/63 at New Orleans, Louisiana File # NO 89-69

by SA JOHN M. MCCARTHY /dmn Date dictated 12/4/63

This document contains neither recommendations nor conclusions of the FBI. It is the property of the FBI and is loaned to your agency; it and its contents are not to be distributed outside your agency.

COMMISSIONER OF INVESTIGATION NO. 1410

NO 89-89/dmm

2

OSBORNE probably appeared on June 4, 1963, picked up his handbills and paid the balance of \$5.89 in cash. The total cost for the handbills was \$9.89.

Mrs. SILVER was shown a photograph of LEE HARVEY OSWALD, at which time she stated she could ~~not~~ recognize the person represented in the picture as the person who placed the order for the handbills.

MYRA SILVER furnished the following items to SA McCARTHY:

- 1) Original rough draft layout for the above mentioned handbills.
- 2) Jones Printing Company job ticket # D-7548.
- 3) Three copies of finished handbill beginning, "Hands Off Cuba," which handbills were being retained as file copies by the Jones Printing Company.

344

COMMISSION EXHIBIT No. 1410--Continued

M E M O R A N D U M

January 24, 1968

TO: JIM GARRISON, District Attorney

FROM: MARK LANE,

RE: INTERVIEW AT MEXICAN CONSULATE IN NEW ORLEANS

Today I went to the Mexican Consulate together with Gary Sanders and we interviewed RUBEN GAXIOLA the Consul General and TERESA JARUREGUI who is employed as a clerk. According to MRS. FARRINGTON the "OSWALD" visit took place at the Mexican Consulate located in the Whitney Bank Building. During 1963 the Consulate was in fact located at the Whitney Bank at St. Charles and Gravier. Toward the middle of 1965, according to the Consul General, the office was moved to the Trade Mart where it is presently located. The Consul General during 1963 was REYES SPINDOLA. During 1963 in order to secure a tourist visa the applicant was required to submit proof of citizenship and pay a \$3.00 charge. Proof of citizenship is considered to be a birth certificate, army discharge, or even a notarized statement alleging that you are in fact a citizen. No picture is required.

In order to secure a permit to bring a rifle into the country for hunting, one must pay \$16.00, submit a photograph and submit a letter from the local police department stating that you have no record. The hunting season in Mexico is from October 15th to March 31st. The tourist visa was valid for a period of six months. According to MISS JARUREGUI, "OSWALD" entered the office during September and she is quite certain that it was before lunch. He approached MRS. GUADALUPE ORTEGA and stated that he wished to secure a tourist's visa. MRS. ORTEGA asked him for proof of citizenship and a record of smallpox vaccination. The man offered his birth certificate as proof of citizenship. This was accepted by MRS. ORTEGA who then handed the application to MISS JARUREGUI. MISS JARUREGUI told the applicant to sign a form which he did and the tourist card was issued. MRS. ORTEGA is presently in Mexico City employed by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. According to MISS JARUREGUI, MRS. ORTEGA was quite sure that the man who made the application was LEE HARVEY OSWALD based upon pictures that she saw of OSWALD after the assassination. One or two weeks after the assassination, FBI agents visited the Mexican Consulate. They requested permission to take the original tourist application with them but such permission was denied. According to those presently employed at the Consulate, even the Consul General does not have permission to make such documents available and that an official ruling would have been required from the Mexican government. Personnel at the office believe that the original application never left the office, but that a copy of it was made by FBI agents. This is significant, of course, in that handwriting analysis of a photocopy is much less valuable than an analysis of the original document. Some experts even claim that an analysis of a photocopy is invalid.

Re: KERRY THORNLEY

Statements of various Marine
service contracts of Lee Oswald's

(from Warren Report, Vol. VIII)

was in same barracks
with Oswald (also served
with him at Keesler, Atangi
and Two) JZ

DANIEL PATRICK POWERS (from TORO) re LEE OSWALD
(see VIII, p. 262)

ns soon
way you
weekends,
base at
and—but
got your
went on
had duty
1 of the
Philippines.
to play
t—he was
than, and
we just
tact with
ult of the
me after
en route
it to him?
marks that
his stay in
use a lot of

people did make this kind of statement, and you never again attached any significance to it.
Some individuals did extend—rather ask for an extension. Whether he did or not, I don't know.
Mr. JENNER. What about Oswald's drinking habits or propensities?
Mr. POWERS. I think that he probably maybe experienced inebriation maybe possibly for his first time while he was in Japan, extensively at least; and other than that, I don't know. And a lot of the guys just went out, and that's all they went out for, to get drunk, and that was it. I don't know.
Mr. JENNER. But you have no impression of Oswald in that particular connection?
Mr. POWERS. No; nothing. My actual association with him in Japan was limited to other than just seeing him in the barracks and saying, "Hi, Ozzie."
Mr. JENNER. Did he have any interest in the Russian language?
Mr. POWERS. Somewhere along the line he was reading a Russian book or something. I'm not sure, again, whether it was written in Russian or whether it was written in the American language. It pertained to the Russian philosophy, but there is something in my mind that I relate—associate, reading this type of literature. I think it was in Japan, but I'm not sure, though.
Mr. JENNER. Do you have any impression of him studying the Russian language as such?
Mr. POWERS. In actually sitting down and studying it; no.
Mr. JENNER. In seeking to become familiar with the language?
Mr. POWERS. I would say no; no, that I do not because I just don't have any real concrete recollections for the individual other than just brief glimpses.
Mr. JENNER. Were you still acquainted with him, still stationed with him when there arose an incident where he had an altercation with a noncommissioned officer?
Mr. POWERS. I'm not sure. It seems to me I was, but again I'm not sure. It either came—I truthfully can't say, but there is something again, maybe something that I read since then, or since when all of this came out, something that I read, but there is something in my mind that he had a fight with a non-commissioned officer or something of this nature.
Mr. JENNER. That wasn't extraordinary; that would occur once in a while?
Mr. POWERS. Yes. All of a sudden a guy blows up and swings at somebody, and right away it's a fight. And if it could be blown out of proportion, too, if the noncommissioned officer wanted to take it, any time take a swing or strike a blow, it was supposed to be a serious offense in the Marines; well, is it or not, I don't know.
Mr. JENNER. By this time, were you a sergeant?
Mr. POWERS. I believe I made sergeant right before I came home, or—I think it was a week or two right before I came home. I was a sergeant before I left to come home, I believe.
Mr. JENNER. Still at this time Oswald continued to have the reputation that he was not an aggressive person?
Mr. POWERS. No; I don't think—I think he came out of his shell, to coin a phrase; he was becoming older and more mature, and he stood a little more for his personal rights; at least, this is an opinion that you get from the incident that he did have there in the barracks, not from close relationships with him.
Mr. JENNER. Did you have a recollection that in Japan he began to stand up for his own rights?
Mr. POWERS. Yes.
Mr. JENNER. He was a little more aggressive than he was back in the States?
Mr. POWERS. Yes. Again this might go back to the area that he was too scared the first year or so or 9 months while he was in the Marine Corps, after coming out of the initial indoctrination of coming out of training, and then he becomes himself, so you can't make a subjective appraisal during that first 9 months.
Mr. JENNER. Did he ever express any sympathy toward the Communist Party?
Mr. POWERS. None that I recall.
Mr. JENNER. Toward Communist principles?
Mr. POWERS. None that I recall.

Re: KERRY THORNTON

Mr. JENNER. Or Marxist doctrine?

Mr. POWERS. None that I recall; no, sir.

Mr. JENNER. Or did he ever discuss those subjects with you or in your presence?

Mr. POWERS. I'm not sure. He didn't discuss them to any great length or to any issues that I would recall.

Mr. JENNER. Nothing to excite you?

Mr. POWERS. Nothing that I would attach any political significance to.

Mr. JENNER. And what was his attitude toward discipline in the Marine Corps? Was it antagonistic? Was it different in any degree from other purities?

Mr. POWERS. No; I don't think that it was. I think he was like any other marine, that he made his bed and was going to have to lie in it. He volunteered. A lot of complaining just as anyone else did. But nothing that you could say that was any different than any other individual. However, he, again going back to the incident that he did have, he was somewhat, if you want to call it, hostile, so to speak, to authority. He must have been—or he had something that would bother him that he would flare up once in a while.

Mr. JENNER. He would?

Mr. POWERS. Well—

Mr. JENNER. Excuse me. Can you give me any incident—

Mr. POWERS. Well, just going back—

Mr. JENNER. That would express that opinion?

Mr. POWERS. Well, in Japan or something, possibly in the barracks, I recall, or like in Biloxi, he had some scuffles. I said he was coming out of his shell, and showing more aggressiveness, but I wouldn't say that this guy is a trouble-maker. I would say that the opinion of him would be that you couldn't depend on him in a situation, that you could give him the responsibility, but then you couldn't really say that he would accept it, but you could be sure with other individuals; you knew that they would accept it, but I don't think that he did this only because he wasn't sure of himself. I think if you did give him authority and he realized what the position of authority was that he would accept it and he would probably pride himself in it.

Mr. JENNER. But at least during this period of time, he hadn't reached the stage of dependability that you men of higher rank would rely on?

Mr. POWERS. Well, I wasn't in a position to delegate authority to him, but again, as I say, this is a personal opinion.

Mr. JENNER. Did—in any conversation that you had with him or any conversations in your presence which he wasn't present in, was there anything mentioned about his being in Chicago?

Mr. POWERS. No.

Mr. JENNER. Or Milwaukee?

Mr. POWERS. I cannot say; I don't recall.

Mr. JENNER. Or did he ever mention somebody by the name of Ruby, Jack Ruby or Rubenstein, Jack Rubenstein?

Mr. POWERS. No, sir; not to the best of my knowledge. I never heard that name associated with him.

Mr. JENNER. Even when he was in Japan, did he tend to stay to himself by and large?

Mr. POWERS. I would say yes. I think that he did. Again I couldn't be sure because he was in a different crew, and they would be on liberty at a different time.

Mr. JENNER. Do you ever recall him being intoxicated?

Mr. POWERS. Not distinctly; no. It seems to me that here again it's just a picture in my mind, that he would come in the barracks feeling good, and acting silly; so whether you would associate intoxication with it—

Mr. JENNER. Did he ever get into any fights while you were over in Japan?

Mr. POWERS. Oh, he probably did; probably no more than any other individual in close relationship with the people that you are there with.

Mr. JENNER. Did he ever talk about Gen. Robert E. Lee or any possible relationship that he may have had in the distant past or association by name or—

Mr. POWERS. It seems to me that there was—he was quite proud of Lee

Harvey Oswald.

Mr. JENNER. Did he

him, did he have

Mr. POWERS. Well,

Mr. JENNER. Yes,

Mr. POWERS. Or

have.

Mr. JENNER. That

Mr. POWERS. That

a lot of odd-balls

Mr. JENNER. But

an odd-ball?

Mr. POWERS. Well,

means to you and

different.

Mr. JENNER. Well,

Mr. POWERS. He

personality that you

previously stated, I

individual that has

speak, and a lot of

of the time picking

And he was some

was the opinion I

image all along the

maybe—physically,

time he wasn't, that

individualists, and

ball from the Marine

ideally supposed to

Mr. JENNER. Was

Mr. POWERS. Some

of the argument, but

of the individuals that

I would say he appear

Mr. JENNER. Are you

gence," education and

Mr. POWERS. Let's

even not knowing what

his fiction and his

vanced than some of

in.

Mr. JENNER. Do you

account?

Mr. POWERS. There

that image—frail, kn

of the individuals—th

away from the type of

Mr. JENNER. Do you

was?

Mr. POWERS. I don't

he was. I don't have

train to shoot the rifle

rifle.

Mr. JENNER. Was the

Mr. POWERS. No.

Mr. JENNER. Did he

who appeared not to

Mr. POWERS. I don't

the patience to teach

← was Oswald's platoon sergeant

I heard
for the
involve
certain
rines. I
slaply
ntly re-
ine, he
nerally

AFFIDAVIT OF ALLEN D. GRAF

The following affidavit was executed by Allen D. Graf on June 15, 1964.

PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION
ON THE ASSASSINATION OF
PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

AFFIDAVIT

State of New York,
County of Erie, ss:

I, Allen D. Graf, 31 East Utica Street, Buffalo, New York, being first duly sworn, depose and say:

That I served in the United States Marine Corps from 1948 to 1961. While stationed in California, I was Lee Harvey Oswald's Platoon Sergeant.

Oswald often complained to me of his superior officers. He seemed to lack respect for all military authority. He also seemed narrow-minded, refusing to listen to the views of others.

Once, at the rifle range, I had a long discussion with Oswald concerning why he found it difficult to adapt to the Marine Corps. He explained that his mother had had a great deal of trouble during the depression and that when he was young, he had often not had enough to eat. He felt that he had been forced to accept responsibility at a premature age. He remarked that he was tired of being "kicked around."

Oswald never gave to me any indication of favoring Communism or opposing capitalism.

It was difficult to judge the level of Oswald's intelligence, because he seldom stated his opinions. However, with regard to his job in the Marine Corps, Oswald learned quickly.

Oswald went to a great many movies, and did not often engage in sports. It is my recollection that Oswald enjoyed firing a rifle, and scored in the "high expert" range.

Oswald did not drink excessively, and kept his temper—if indeed he had a temper—in check.

I have no recollection of Oswald's studying foreign languages; of where he went when he had time off; of his reading habits or religious beliefs; or of any nicknames for him. Nor do I remember his having any dates.

Signed this 15th day of June, 1964, at Buffalo, N.Y.

(S) Allen D. Graf,
ALLEN D. GRAF.

The follow
1964.
PRESIDENT
ON THE AS
PRESIDENT
STATE OF FL
County of D
I, David C
Florida, bein
That I sea
tober, 1956,
at the Light
I was statio
lived off the
Nelson Delgo
Island, South
imature per
Oswald did
general expla
heard a rumo
ing to suppo
person, Osw
of the reaso
Oswald co
did. He was

← Shared room with Oswald at Santa Ana

AFFIDAVIT OF MACK OSBORNE

The following affidavit was executed by Mack Osborne on May 18, 1964.

PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION
ON THE ASSASSINATION OF
PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF TEXAS
County of Lubbock, ss:

I, Mack Osborne, 2816 43rd Street, Lubbock, Texas, being first duly sworn, depose and say:

That while I was in the United States Marine Corps, I served in Marine Air Control Squadron 9 in Santa Ana, California, with Lee Harvey Oswald. Prior to his discharge, I shared a room with him.

Oswald was at that time studying Russian. He spent a great deal of his free time reading papers printed in Russian—which I believe he bought in Los Angeles—with the aid of a Russian-English dictionary. I believe he also had some books written in Russian, although I do not remember their names.

I once asked Oswald why he did not go out in the evening like the other men. He replied that he was saving his money, making some statement to the effect that one day he would do something which would make him famous. In retrospect, it is my belief—although he said nothing to this effect—that he had his trip to Russia in mind when he made this statement.

Although Oswald did not directly talk back to his superiors, he did the tasks assigned him poorly and complained about them to his fellow Marines.

My recollection is that Oswald was a radar operator of average ability. Although he was personally clean, he scored quite poorly on barracks inspections.

Although Oswald was not openly hostile to his fellow Marines, when they asked him to participate in their activities, he would refuse, stating that he had something else to do. He thereby encouraged others to leave him alone.

Oswald drank only in clubs located on the post. He explained to me that he did not drink off the post because while stationed in Japan, he had been court-martialed for hitting a sergeant with a beer bottle. I do not recall his having any fights while at Santa Ana. However, I remember Oswald's telling me of a fight with a brig guard, as well as of the fight with the sergeant, in Japan.

I do not recall Oswald's studying either Spanish or German. I do not recall any remarks on his part concerning Communism, Russia, or Cuba. Because of the fact that he was studying Russian, fellow Marines sometimes jokingly accused him of being a Russian spy. In my opinion he took such accusations in fun.

Although I did not regard Oswald as particularly intelligent, I got the idea that he thought he was intelligent and tried verbally to suggest to others that he was.

Oswald read a great deal, although I do not remember what sort of books he read. He also watched television and played chess. I have no recollection of any interest in music on his part. Although he would discuss religion with others, he was noncommittal as to his own opinions.

Oswald seldom, if ever, went out with women. I suspect that this was part of his program on saving money. He seldom left the post, although sometimes when I returned from weekends, he would tell me that he had been to Los Angeles—implying that he had simply gone to break the monotony.

I do not recall Oswald's having any nicknames. He was simply called "Oswald" or—by those who knew him well—"Lee Harvey".

I have no recollection of Oswald's receiving any visitors.

Signed this 18th day of May, 1964, at Lubbock, Tex.

(S) Mack Osborne,
MACK OSBORNE.

Lived in next
hut to LC at
Santa Ana +
was on same
radar crew

AFFIDAVIT OF RICHARD DENNIS CALL

The following affidavit was executed by Richard Dennis Call on May 20, 1964
PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION ON THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA
County of Northampton, ss:

I, Richard Dennis Call, R. D. 1, Hellertown, Pennsylvania, being first duly sworn, depose and say:

That I served in the United States Marine Corps from September, 1956, to December, 1959. From December, 1958, to December, 1959, I was stationed with Marine Air Control Squadron #9, Lighter Than Air Station, Santa Ana, California. During this time I made the acquaintance of Lee Harvey Oswald. I lived in the ensign hut next to, and was on the same radar crew as, Oswald. I estimate that I talked to some extent with Oswald each day during the period that we were stationed together.

It was very difficult to evaluate Oswald's personality because he never talked about his life prior to joining the Marine Corps or about what he did while in the Marine Corps. Although by the usual standards I was just an acquaintance of Oswald, I probably was one of his best friends.

Oswald once dated an airline stewardess who was learning Russian. Oswald spent a great deal of time reading. I do not remember what he read, because he never talked about it. He also spent a great deal of time playing chess. I played chess with him about once a week; we were of approximately equal ability.

Although members of the unit often had discussions on foreign affairs, Oswald seldom, if ever, participated.

During this time, Oswald was studying Russian. For this reason many members of the unit kidded him about being a Russian spy; Oswald seemed to enjoy this sort of remark. At that time I had a phonograph record of Russian classical pieces entitled "Russian Fireworks." When I would play this record, Oswald would come over to me and say "You called?" I had a chess set which contained red and white chessmen; Oswald always chose the red chessmen, making some remark to the effect that he preferred the "Red Army." In connection with this general joking about Oswald's interest in Russian, he was nicknamed "Oswaldskovich." However, I do not recall Oswald's making serious remarks with regard to the Soviet Union or ~~any other~~

On one occasion, Oswald remarked to me that he had been awarded a scholarship to Albert Schweitzer University and that he planned to attend, remarking that they taught English at Schweitzer.

I believe Oswald generally remained on the post; I do not remember anyone's going on liberty with him. Sometimes he and I went to the base movie theatre. Oswald was not enthusiastic about his job, and performed about as well as the average radar operator.

Although I sometimes observed Oswald drinking in the Enlisted Men's Club, I do not remember his ever becoming intoxicated.

Oswald complained about the orders he was given, but no more than did the average Marine. However, it was my opinion that the Staff Non-Commissioned Officers did not think of Oswald as capable. In my opinion, this attitude was a result of the fact that Oswald did not try to hide his lack of enthusiasm.

I have no recollection of Oswald's studying either Spanish or German. It was difficult to tell how intelligent Oswald was, because of his refusal to communicate. It was clear, however, that Oswald wanted to be thought of as intelligent.

Nelson Delgado was at this time devoutly religious. Another Marine from California, who at that time was interested in Zen Buddhism, had an idol of Buddha solely for the purpose of making Delgado angry. He succeeded in this attempt. Oswald enjoyed this successful attempt to anger Delgado.

Oswald's reactions to everything were subdued and Stoic. Oswald's hardship discharge came as a surprise to the members of the unit; we had not known of it long in advance. I have no recollection of Oswald's receiving any visitors.

Signed this 20th day of May, 1964, at Helltown, Pa.

(S) Richard Dennis Call,
RICHARD DENNIS CALL

← was at Atsugi
with Oswald

AFFIDAVIT OF JOHN RENE HEINDEL

The following affidavit was executed by John Rene Heindel on May 19, 1964.
PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION
ON THE ASSASSINATION OF
PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
Parish of New Orleans, ss:

I, John Rene Heindel, 512 Belleville Street, New Orleans, Louisiana, being first duly sworn, depose and say:

That I served in the United States Marine Corps from July 15, 1957, until July 15, 1961. I was stationed at Atsugi, Japan, with Lee Harvey Oswald.

I recall that Oswald was often in trouble for failure to adhere to rules and regulations and gave the impression of disliking any kind of authority.

While in the Marine Corps, I was often referred to as "Hidel"—pronounced so as to rhyme with "Rydell" rather than "Fidel." This was a nickname and not merely an inadvertent mispronunciation. It is possible that Oswald might have heard me being called by this name; indeed he may himself have called me "Hidel." However, I have no specific recollection of his either using or hearing this name.

Although I generally regarded Oswald as an intelligent person, I did not observe him to be particularly informed in terms of international affairs.

While in Japan, Oswald drank a good deal, at times becoming intoxicated. He was willing to do so because he did not greatly care whether or not he got back to the post on time.

Oswald did not often talk back to his superiors, but was likely to complain about their orders when he was alone with his fellow Marines.

Oswald generally went on liberty by himself; I therefore do not know what his activities off post were.

I do not recall Oswald's being called by any nicknames.

Although our Marine Air Group was sent to Formosa for a period of time, I am unable to remember Oswald's being there.

Signed this 19th day of May, 1964, at New Orleans, La.

(S) John Rene Heindel,
JOHN RENE HEINDEL.

was quietly
at humor fan
seem to want
I regard
President Ke
I am under
may have co
Candidate S
Oswald wa
him, he was
intelligent m
I do not re
do I recall h
he had a "ch
in fights. I
Although
sort of book
Call. I hav
making any
Most of l
being called
Signed thi

The follow
PRESIDEN
ON THE A
PRESIDEN
STATE OF CA
County of O
I, Paul E
Ana, Califor

AFFIDAVIT OF HENRY J. ROUSSEL, JR.

The following affidavit was executed by Henry J. Roussel, Jr., on May 25, 1964.

PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION
ON THE ASSASSINATION OF
PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
Parish of Baton Rouge, ss:

I, Henry J. Roussel, Jr., 2172 Ellasalde Street, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, being first duly sworn, depose and say:

That while in the United States Marine Corps I served for approximately

three or four months with Lee Harvey Oswald in MACS-9 in Santa Ana, California.

On one occasion I arranged a date for Oswald with my aunt, Rosaleen Quinn, an airline stewardess who, because she was interested in working for the American Embassy in Russia, had taken a leave from her job in order to study Russian. I arranged the date because I knew of Oswald's study of the Russian language. I also arranged a date for my aunt with Lieutenant John E. Donovan. I am under the impression that prior to studying Russian, Oswald had studied German.

~~I recall no serious political remarks on the part of Oswald. On occasion, however, Oswald, when addressing other Marines, would refer to them as "Comrade. It seemed to me, and as far as I know to my fellow Marines, that Oswald used this term in fun. At times some of us responded by calling him "Comrade." Oswald also enjoyed listening to recordings of Russian songs.~~

My recollection of Oswald is to the effect that he was personally quite neat, and that he stayed to himself. Oswald complained about orders that he was given, but no more than did the average Marine. I regarded Oswald as quite intelligent, in view of the fact that he had taught himself two foreign languages. I do not recall Oswald's having any dates other than the one which I arranged for him with my aunt.

I do not remember Oswald's getting into any fights. I have no recollection concerning Oswald's reading habits, religious beliefs, or trips off the post. I do not remember his reading a Russian newspaper, and do not recall his having any nicknames. (I was nicknamed "Beezer.") I do not remember Oswald's having his name written in Russian on his jacket, and have no recollection of any visitors received by Oswald.

Signed this 25th day of May, 1964, at Baton Rouge, La.

(S) Henry J. Roussel, Jr.
HENRY J. ROUSSEL, JR.

← was with LO
not Keeler and
Toro and Santa Ana
and, possibly, Jackson

AFFIDAVIT OF DONALD PETER CAMARATA

The following affidavit was executed by Donald Peter Camarata on May 19, 1964.

PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION
ON THE ASSASSINATION OF
PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
County of Santa Cruz, ss:

I, Donald Peter Camarata, 601 Burlingame Avenue, Capitola, California, being first duly sworn, depose and say:

That Lee Harvey Oswald and I were concurrently stationed at the following military installations while we were both members of the United States Marine Corps: Keesler Air Force Base in Biloxi, Mississippi; the Marine Air Stations at El Toro and Santa Ana, California, and possibly the Naval Air Station at Jacksonville, Florida. Although I served in the Far East, Oswald and I were not in the same unit at that time.

While in the Marine Corps, I heard from other Marines that Oswald was studying Russian. I personally observed that Oswald had his name written in Russian on one of his jackets, and played records of Russian songs so loud that one could hear them outside the barracks.

Either en route back to the United States or subsequent to my return, I heard a rumor to the effect that Oswald had been in some way responsible for the death of Martin Schrand. I have no personal knowledge of any such involvement. I do not remember who told me of this rumor, and am not even certain that I heard it from more than one person.

Oswald seldom, if ever, left the post in the company of other Marines. I would not characterize Oswald as an extremely unfriendly person; he simply did not often choose to be with his fellow Marines off post.

Oswald was not particularly prone to fighting. Although he apparently resented the orders of his superiors no more than does the average Marine, he was more outspoken than average in his resentment. However, he generally followed such orders.

Although I have no firm impression of the level of Oswald's intelligence, he was a man who attempted to make other people believe he was intelligent.

I know from rumor that Oswald received a newspaper printed in Russian. I was informed by my fellow Marines that one of his superiors—either the First Sergeant or a Lieutenant—asked Oswald why he read this paper.

I have no recollection of Oswald's studying or speaking either Spanish or German; of any remarks on his part concerning Communism, Russia, or Cuba; of his religious beliefs; of any abnormal attitude toward women on his part; or of his receiving any visitors.

Oswald was nicknamed "Oz".

Signed this 19th day of May, 1964, at Santa Cruz, Calif.

(S) Donald Peter Camarata.
DONALD PETER CAMARATA.

Re: KERRY THONLEY

with me and
better than
performed
to effort to
get him to
the more
on him by
belligerent.
him; for
believe that

Was stationed at Santa Ana
with Oswald for 11 months,
also was in the same hut.
Says pp. 292 - "we got to know
each other quite well."

NELSON DELGADO (LA TORO) re LEE OSWALD:

(w.c. VIII, p. 228)

R. THORNLEY

Mr. LIEBELER. He gave you a written test?
Mr. DELGADO. I told him off the bat, I can't—my spelling is bad, you know, I told him right then. But outside of the spelling, I could read it and write it, you know. So he gave me a test, and he didn't tell me what the outcome was, but I gathered it wasn't too favorable.

Mr. LIEBELER. What made you gather that?
Mr. DELGADO. The sarcasm in his voice when he said, "What makes you think you speak Spanish so good?"—after he gave me the test, you know. Well, I told him, "Your Spanish is all right in its place, you know, college or something like that, but people have a hard time understanding you," which is true. If you have any Spanish-speaking fellows working here, let's say, a clerk or something, well, ask him what the word "pelotoso" means, and I would bet you 9 out of 10 times he would not know. That's the Castilian word for "lazy." We got words for "lazy," three or four of them, "bago," "lento," things like that. That's one of the things I brought up to him. But he just laughed it off.

Mr. LIEBELER. Did you tell the FBI that Oswald was so proficient in Spanish that he would discuss his ideas on socialism in Spanish?

Mr. DELGADO. No.
Mr. LIEBELER. You didn't tell them that?
Mr. DELGADO. No.

Mr. LIEBELER. You are absolutely sure of that?
Mr. DELGADO. No; he wouldn't argue with me. All those arguments on socialism and communism and our way of life and their way of life were held in English. He talked, but he couldn't hold his own. He would speak three or four words and then bring it out in English. But as far as basic conversation and debate; no.

Mr. LIEBELER. Did you tell the FBI agent that Oswald would speak about socialism and things like that in Spanish and that it seemed to give him a feeling of superiority to talk about things like that in Spanish in front of the officers so that the officers couldn't understand him?

Mr. DELGADO. We were speaking Spanish. That gave him a sense of superiority, because they didn't know what we were talking about. In fact, more than once we were reprimanded for speaking Spanish, because we were not supposed to do it, and they didn't forbid us to speak Spanish—now, no political discussions were talked about. This was small talk when we were talking Spanish.

Mr. LIEBELER. Now, the FBI report that I have of an interview with you on December 10, according to this report, 1963, at Leonardo—

Mr. DELGADO. Yes; that's my home.

Mr. LIEBELER. This FBI agent says that you told him that Oswald became so proficient in Spanish that Oswald would discuss his ideas on socialism in Spanish.

Mr. DELGADO. He would discuss his ideas, but not anything against our Government or—nothing Socialist, mind you.

Mr. LIEBELER. In Spanish?

Mr. DELGADO. He would speak to me in Spanish in front of the people, in front of the officers in the ward, what we call the wardroom. Basically the fact that they could be standing over us and we would be talking, and they wouldn't understand what we were saying. But no ideas were exchanged, political ideas were exchanged during those times. Whenever we talked about the Communist or Socialist way of life, we would do it either in our hut or, you know, in low whispers doing the wardroom—

Mr. LIEBELER. That was in English?
Mr. DELGADO. In English.

Mr. LIEBELER. He never spoke of these things in Spanish?

Mr. DELGADO. No; he couldn't.

Mr. LIEBELER. He didn't know Spanish that well?

Mr. DELGADO. No.

Mr. LIEBELER. You mentioned one time that you and Oswald and a couple of other fellows went to Tijuana.

Mr. DELGADO. Right.

Mr. LIEBELER. Had Oswald learned the Spanish language at that time?

Mr. DELGADO. He knew the Spanish language at that time, because when we

went to the bar, that right off the funny, and him he would be talking you know, I had just like I told now that wanted I tried to teach he was going to there, what he l me for help for a And the same thing

Mr. LIEBELER.
Mr. DELGADO.
Mr. LIEBELER.
Mr. DELGADO.
Mr. LIEBELER.
Mr. DELGADO.
Mr. LIEBELER.
Mr. DELGADO.
Mr. LIEBELER.
Mr. DELGADO.
Mr. LIEBELER.
Mr. DELGADO.
George Bradford to speak Spanish come out and say you got a cigar or things like teaching him a li

Mr. LIEBELER. amount of Spani
Mr. DELGADO.
Mr. LIEBELER.
Mr. DELGADO.
than they did, I book once or tv was continuous come in to me a Spanish is very them, let's see— present tense o can't say this i this particular I "I'm going to t that and there's get you a good But some of th couldn't put in That's the type that you use it n
Mr. LIEBELER. put them in a se
Mr. DELGADO.
Mr. LIEBELER.
Mr. DELGADO.
Mr. LIEBELER.
Mr. DELGADO.
Spanish, 9 time if I was to tra

was at Atsugi
with Oswald

Although I have no firm impression of the level of Oswald's intelligence, he was a man who attempted to make other people believe he was intelligent.

I know from rumor that Oswald received a newspaper printed in Russian. I was informed by my fellow Marines that one of his superiors—either the First Sergeant or a Lieutenant—asked Oswald why he read this paper.

I have no recollection of Oswald's studying or speaking either Spanish or German; of any remarks on his part concerning Communism, Russia, or Cuba; of his religious beliefs; of any abnormal attitude toward women on his part; or of his receiving any visitors.

Oswald was nicknamed "Oz".

Signed this 19th day of May, 1964, at Santa Cruz, Calif.

(S) Donald Peter Camarata.
DONALD PETER CAMARATA.

AFFIDAVIT OF PETER FRANCIS CONNOR

The following affidavit was executed by Peter Francis Connor on May 22, 1964.

PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION
ON THE ASSASSINATION OF
PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF CONNECTICUT,
County of New Haven, ss:

I, Peter Francis Connor, 27 Flaum Drive, West Haven, Connecticut, being first duly sworn, depose and say:

That, while I was in the Marine Corps, I was stationed at Atsugi, Japan, with Lee Harvey Oswald.

Oswald had the reputation of being a good worker. I observed that he was not personally neat. I remember that while Oswald was in Japan, he wore an expert rifleman's medal.

I never heard Oswald make any anti-American or pro-Communist statements. He claimed to be named after Robert F. Lee, whom he characterized as the greatest name in history.

Although Oswald engaged in several fights—one of them with a Robert Demurs—I have no recollection as to how good a fighter he was.

Oswald did not choose to associate with his fellow Marines, nor did they choose to associate with him. He often responded to the orders of his superiors with insolent remarks.

I have no recollection to how much Oswald drank.

I was of the opinion that Oswald was intelligent. He read a great deal, but I do not remember what sort of books he read.

Oswald was nicknamed "Harv." This was a shortened version of his middle name; for some reason it upset him to be called by it.

I have no recollection concerning Oswald's religious beliefs, his attitude toward women, or what he did off post.

Signed this 22d day of May, 1964, at West Haven, Conn.

(S) Peter Francis Connor,
PETER FRANCIS CONNOR.

AFFIDAVIT OF ALLEN D. GRAF

The following affidavit was executed by Allen D. Graf on June 15, 1964.

PRESIDENT'S COMMISSION
ON THE ASSASSINATION OF
PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW YORK,
County of Erie, ss:

I, Allen D. Graf, 31 East Utica Street, Buffalo, New York, being first duly sworn, depose and say:

That I served in the United States Marine Corps from 1948 to 1961. While stationed in California, I was Lee Harvey Oswald's Platoon Sergeant.

Re: KERRY THORNTON

Archives

M E M O R A N D U M

March 19, 1968

TO: LOUIS IVON, Chief Investigator

FROM: GARY SANDERS, Investigator

RE: ELENA TEJEDA
1401 St. Andrews St., #215
Telephone - 522-5864

SUBJECT: LEE HARVEY OSWALD'S VISIT TO
THE MEXICAN CONSUL IN 1963

I interviewed MISS TEJEDA at 8:00 P.M. in the Villa Conchita, 7808 Mapel Street (861-7071). Also present at the meeting were Mr. and Mrs. ANTONIO del VAL, Mr. and Mrs. BRYAN WAGNER, and Miss JODY DUEK. Miss DUEK took notes from which this report is written.

Miss TEJEDA has worked for the Mexican Consulate in New Orleans for the last nineteen (19) years. In 1963 the Consulate was located in the Whitney Building on St. Charles Avenue.

Miss TEJEDA was working the day that LEE HARVEY OSWALD came in to apply for a tourist card for travel in Mexico. Miss TEJEDA says there was something about OSWALD that made her remember him. Miss TEJEDA said that OSWALD was alone when he came into the office and she does not remember OSWALD saying anything about taking a gun into Mexico or asking about the weather in Mexico.

Miss TEJEDA said that OSWALD might have been in the Consulate more than one time. According to Miss TEJEDA no one else was in the office when OSWALD came. Miss TEJEDA says she remembered OSWALD'S face as soon as she saw it on television on the 22nd of November 1963.

When the FBI visited the Consulate, they went through the files and found OSWALD'S application. Miss TEJEDA is reasonably certain that the FBI agents did not photograph OSWALD'S application and she is certain that the document was not taken from the Consulate. The application was burned in 1965 when the Mexican Consulate moved to new offices in the International Trade Mart.

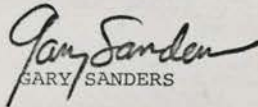
The name of the woman who actually waited on OSWALD was Miss GUADALUPE ORTEGA. Her address is:

Secretaria de Relaciones Exteriores
 Direccion General del Servicio Consular
 Mexico D.F.,
 Mexico.

Miss TEJEDA was very cooperative and said she was sorry she could not help.

NOTE: Since Miss Tejeda seems sure that Oswald was alone when he came into the Consulate, and there were no other people waiting. The date of OSWALD's visit to the Consulate may not be the September 18, 1963 date indicated in the statements of Mrs. FENELLA FARRINGTON. Mrs. FARRINGTON's "OSWALD" was accompanied by a woman and Miss TEJEDA's "OSWALD" was alone. Miss TEJEDA said the Consulate was empty when "OSWALD" came in so that would eliminate Mrs. FARRINGTON and her cousin Mrs. MERILH.

Also interesting is Commission Exhibit CE 2481 which is supposedly a photocopy of OSWALD's application for a tourist card filled out on September 17, 1963. Again, a conflict exists since Miss TEJEDA was very certain when I talked with her that the FBI had not photographed the application and had not taken it from the Consulate office.


GARY SANDERS

GS/leb
cc: Andrew J. Sciambra

MEMORANDUM

Re: Kerry Thornley

January 22, 1968

TO: JIM GARRISON, District Attorney

FROM: MARK LANE and MORT SAHL

RE: MRS. FENELLA FARRINGTON
1514 Jefferson Avenue

At your request I visited MRS FARRINGTON this afternoon at 1:45 p.m. With me was Mort Sahl. I explained to MRS. FARRINGTON that since she is a friend of Bryan Wagner and since Wagner is a friend of yours, that you had asked me to contact her informally for information regarding her observations in the Mexican Consulate in New Orleans during 1963. She was grateful for your kindness in not calling her before the Grand Jury and for permitting an informal statement instead.

She said that during September or October 1963 she visited the Mexican Consulate in New Orleans during the morning with her cousin MRS. LILLIAN STANTON MERILH. The purpose of her visit was to secure the release of her automobile which she and her husband had abandoned in Mexico when her husband suddenly became ill there. She was instructed to leave the papers which she had secured with the Consulate that morning and to return at 1:00 p.m. that afternoon. She returned at 1:00 p.m. and was instructed to wait. While waiting she observed a young man enter the Consulate together with a woman dressed in black with her head tied in a scarf. MRS. FARRINGTON was alone during her afternoon visit. The man, who was substantially taller than she is - she is 5'8-3/4" or 5'9" - was quite thin. The man asked the woman at the Consulate, "What is the weather like in Mexico City?" and the woman replied, "It's very hot. Just like it is here today." MRS. FARRINGTON said it was in the upper 80's or perhaps even 90 degrees in New Orleans. MRS. FARRINGTON then interrupted the conversation to state that, "No, it's not so hot in Mexico City. In fact it's like eternal spring there." The man then asked the woman at the Consulate, "What do you have to do to take firearms or a gun into Mexico?" The woman at the Consulate asked the man why he wanted a gun and MRS. FARRINGTON interrupted again, "The hunting's wonderful." MRS. FARRINGTON said that the man appeared worried and not relaxed as were other tourists seeking visas. She also said that he appeared to resent her interruptions and appeared ungrateful for the information.

9/24/68!

On Tuesday, November 26, 1963, MRS. FARRINGTON was in Washington, D. C. , for a matter not related to the assassination. At that time two FBI agents visited her home in New Orleans to question her about the Consulate episode. Since she was not home they went upstairs, according to her maid, and questioned her 83-year old aunt who knew nothing about the incident. At the same time an FBI agent called MRS. FARRINGTON in Washington, D.C., at the home of her brother-in-law AUSTIN L. ROBERTS. He gave his name and telephone number and MR. ROBERTS called the FBI and verified the fact that the man who presented himself as an FBI agent was in fact an agent. The FBI agent told MRS. FARRINGTON that the man in the Consulate was OSWALD and that as soon as he mentioned firearms his picture was taken by a hidden camera and that since she was in the same picture she was quickly traced. The agent told MRS. FARRINGTON that when she was in Mexico City she did see LEE HARVEY OSWALD there. MRS. FARRINGTON however said that she did not meet OSWALD in Mexico City. The agent insisted in a number of "questions" that MRS. FARRINGTON did meet OSWALD in Mexico City. However, since she did not meet him and she continued to insist that she had not met him there. FBI agents also questioned MRS. MERILH, MRS. FARRINGTON's cousin. They showed her photographs of JACK RUBY and said that RUBY had been in the Mexican Consulate during the morning while MRS. MERILH was present. However, she stated that she did not recognize photographs of RUBY as depicting anyone whom she had seen that morning.

I showed 17 photographs to MRS. FARRINGTON and she selected just 2, one of KERRY THORNLEY and two of LEE OSWALD as possibly showing the person whom she had seen in 1963 at the Consulate. She said THORNLEY's face on the photo appeared more full than the face of the man she had seen. MRS. FARRINGTON said she would check through her records and would advise me in a day or two as to the exact date she was at the Mexican Consulate.

She also told me that during April, 1965, GENERAL WALKER called her about the incident. She said she believes that WALKER may have secured information about her knowledge of the incident from MRS. TRUEMAN WOODWARD. MRS. FARRINGTON said that her relative who was the Adjutant General of the United States Army (and who would write to each man who was separated from the service reminding him that this is a Republic and not a Democracy) evidently had some relationship with GENERAL WALKER.

main file:
KT as alt LO
(transferred material)

KT AS THE "ALTERNATE LHO"
(transferred material)